THE

INFIDEL MOTHER,

&c. &c. &c.

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INFIDEL MOTHER:

1198

OR,

THREE WINTERS IN LONDON.

By CHARLES SEDLEY, *Esq.*

AUTHOR OF 'THE MASK OF FASHION,' &c. &c.

Manners with fortunes---humors turn with climes:
Tenets with books; and principles with times.

POPE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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INFIDEL MOTHER,

&c. &c. &c.

Lady Lucy Milton was of a commanding figure—finely formed: her limbs round—swelling, almost, beyond the bounds of symmetry: a sweet dimple played, roguishly, over a cheek, unfashionably tinged with nature's richest hue: her eyes sparkled with wild vivacity; yet free from the keenness of satire. She loved her sister, enthusiastic-

ally; but *first* love is, always, considered a fair subject for *gentle* raillery.

Yet raillery is a dangerous weapon: it requires infinite delicacy to point its barb, and infinite good humor to assuage its wound. Indeed, the difference between ridicule and raillery is so trifling, that the nicest discernment is scarcely equal to the distinction.

There are—as Falstaff humorously expresses himself, "men, not only witty in themselves, but the cause of wit in others." These are good-natured beings, who will either laugh, *with* you, or *at* you. So far, it is fair—fair, by the laws of reciprocity; but when pertness is mistaken for wit; and modest merit

smarts with ungenerous insult—the act is not only censurable, but despicable.

Lady Harriet was of an altogether different mould. Her person—scarcely aspiring to the middle stature—was delicate, almost to fragility. Her countenance beamed with every softened virtue; and her eyes were modest harbingers of the unobtrusive virtues that reigned within her bosom,

> "..............feelingly alive,
> To each fine impulse."

Beauty has been defined—as far as individual taste can define so incomprehensible an object—to be inseparable from a species of fragility.

Burke, in the Sublime and Beautiful,

says; "We *admire* that which we look up to—*love*, that which looks up to us."

The Italians, whose language has been called "La favella d'egli angeli"—give an encreased softness to objects of beauty, by aid of diminutives: and this feeling is, most ably, communicated to the marble that represents the famous Venus de Medicis.

The surface of that admirable statue is so exquisitely delicate, that it appears to bloom with youth, and to sparkle with divinity.

Contemplate the face!—luxurious pleasure breathes in every feature; which,

like rose-leaves, individually, diffuse the perfume of the flower they compound.

In analysing the peculiar beauties of this object, the eye wanders in a labyrinth of loveliness—or rather—it glides from charm to charm—from grace to grace—following an outline the most fugitive; yet pervading the whole. Imagination is unable to prefer—unable to dwell on any chosen feature.—It dares not press upon those fingers—they are so delicate: it dares not repose upon that bosom—it is so pure.

The figure touches—moves—warms, but does not inflame—the beholder: its inspirations are purified—the heart of sensibility partakes the delicious emotion, and believes the illusion real.

This may be called panegyric in favor of the Statuary. It is so—but the artist could not represent those diminutive beauties in a statue of Juno, or in one of Minerva. His symmetry might be equally fine—his proportions, critically just; but the commanding figures, essential to those goddesses, are inimical to the modest, receding, beauties we have described: and this sentiment, most probably, decided the fate of the golden apple on Mount Ida.

To digress no longer—Having paid an early visit to Madame de St. Amand—she sprang to meet him, exclaiming, tenderly,

"Ecco la mia diletta!"

When a woman chides the absence of

the man she loves, there is but one way of restoring her to good humor. In this art, at all events, Henry was no novice; and the morning dawned ere he retired.

These, however, were mere sacrifices to gallantry.—The voluptuary, from whom he had just escaped—the mysterious beauty, whose encircling arms still, in the delirium of imagination, lulled him into bliss unutterable—all fled before the renovated flame, whose influence he could no longer mistake. Love asserted its high prerogative, and Henry felt—acutely felt, that,

"On suns, during winter, with pleasure, we gaze,
"Yet feel not their *warmth*---though their *splendor* we praise:
"So, Beauty, our just admiration may claim;
"But Love---and LOVE ONLY---the heart can inflame."

"When blushes, unbidden---and smiles without art,
"Speak the softness, and feeling, that dwell in the
"heart;
"When, in manners enchanting, no blemish we trace,
"And the soul keeps the promise we had from the
"face."

But he, *also*, felt, that his tenderest wishes could only tend to disorder his senses,—to destroy his peace—and, perhaps, lead to the commission of a crime, by seeking to estrange Lady Harriet from her duty.

Then he would ponder on trifles, which *assured* him of *her* preference: while the influence of sympathy—like the kindly shadowings of the plane-tree, giving coolness to the bower—relieved the burning fever of his soul, and bedewed it with a sweet restorative.

We return to Mrs. Hamlyn.

The Court being restored to order, the remainder of Jane Harvey's affidavit was publicly read; by which, it appeared, in addition to what has been already stated,

"That, Mr. Hamlyn was the best of men—the most affectionate of husbands—and the kindest of masters.

"That, his mistress had, also, been an exemplary wife, till she became acquainted with Lord Viscount Devereux—then, a youth not eighteen years of age—from which infatuated moment, the sight of Mr. Hamlyn had become hateful to her, as she frequently declared to deponent.

"That, a criminal intercourse had, for some time, been carried on between his Lordship and Mrs. Hamlyn, by the contrivance of the latter, and with the connivance of this deponent: and, that the action, then depending, was solely instituted for the gratification of Mrs. Hamlyn's unbridled passions; and without any—the least—crime, error, or unkindness, being attachable to the conduct of Mr. Hamlyn."

Mortifying as this public disclosure of his daughter's infamy must have been to Mr. Melmoth; yet, he felt it was the auspicious moment to mature his favourite views. He, therefore, resolved, on the morrow, to see Mr. Hamlyn—to deplore the fatal misunderstanding that,

so soon, followed on their marriage—to lament his not being, earlier, acquainted with the worth of his son-in-law—to propose making him an annual provision—to take the expenses of his grandson's education on himself—and lastly—as Mrs. Hamlyn and himself could never again meet happily,—to *suggest* the propriety of an immediate divorce, *sanctioned* by all parties.

With this decision the little Nabob was perfectly of accord: *he* had no *family name* to stain—no *native* honor to sully:—his fortune would, always, *command* respect—and his appetites were the guide of his actions.

Flushed with the anticipated arrangement of this charming plan, Mr. Mel-

moth returned home to supper; proposing, to console his wife and daughter, as well as to prepare them for what was to follow.—Judge, therefore, his consternation, when he discovered, that Mrs. Hamlyn was not to be found. He hurried to his study—locked the door—and gave himself up to an agony of despair.

The *gentle* Mrs. Melmoth swooned, while her husband raved; and the terrified domestics scarcely knew whether they stood upon their heads, or upon their heels.

On the following morning, the porter sent in two letters from Mrs. Hamlyn:—we transcribe them.

"Honored Sir,

"It is your ambition to be great—mine to be happy: we have, equally, made sacrifices toward the consummation of our *darling* wishes but with this difference as to worldly opinion. Prostitution, in a man, is called admirable policy—in a woman, confirmed profligacy.

"I lament that the *weakness* of my sex led me to an exposure in the Court, yesterday, at which the *strength* of my *mind* revolts. Am I to blame—if obstinate prejudices lead to the commission of crimes?—I was content, so far to obey the mighty fiat of reputation, as to have indulged my love in secret;

but since that love is known;—be it, also, known—I glory in its existence.

"Formerly—in the days of contented ignorance—when our forefathers were as mechanical, in their movements, as the wooden figures at St. Dunstan's—marriage *might* have been, *somewhat*, tolerable. Those antediluvian automatons, in the daily, and reciprocal, assistance, they gave each other, lightened the yoke of matrimony. All the world was engaged in husbandry: so that, when the husband tilled his fields, the wife fed the poultry, led the cattle to water, sheared the sheep, and prepared their humble repast against the approaching noon.

"The man and wife, thus occupied,

seldom saw each other; and when they did meet—instead of disgust, they felt their mutual dependance on each other; and, most likely, cherished the bond that united them.

"But now-a-days—ha!—ha! ha!—I cannot write, for laughing at the contrast.

"Now, the *wise* laws, of our *wise* senators, forbid a minor to be invested with the management of his, or her, fortune, as an object of *too much importance* to be confided to their tender years: their persons, however,—their inclinations,—their affections, are *trifles*, which they are *permitted*, in this state of *admitted* imbecillity, to assign over to everlasting misery.

"Public opinion, Sir, is a vapour. Few carry it with them to the grave—none enjoy it after their death. And it would be well, if we all recollected, while bowing before that empty shrine, that the highwayman went to Tyburn amid a greater shew of popularity, than ever followed the bier of a hero, a statesman, or a genius, to Westminster Abbey.

"CHARLOTTE."

To *The Right Honorable*
Thomas Melmoth.

"HONORED MADAM,

"From my earliest recollection, it has been your favourite maxim—"That superior virtues create as much malevolence as superior crimes"—Where is,

then, the advantage of being good?—Let sentimentalists look to futurity for reward and punishment—I seek it in the gratification of the present hour.

"Marriage, Madam, ever has been, and ever will be, the bane of society; till means are adopted to avert those hopeless evils, it daily prepares for the evening of life.

"Youth is romantic—the slave of involuntary passions—and eagerly obeys the impulse of those giddy moments, when the mind—with no idea beyond the coming joy, and thoughtless as the silly moth that burns its wings in the bright flame of a candle,—signs, seals, and gives *unalienable* validity to a contract, that marks the future color of their lives.

"My principles I owe to you—Madam—the exercise of them, to myself.

"Adieu, Madam,

"May you be happy.

"CHARLOTTE."

To *Mrs. Melmoth.*

Mrs. Hamlyn had written these letters— as well as one to the Marchioness of Derry, and another to her husband,—from Lord Devereux' lodging, while a chaise and four was preparing to take them to the Coast; and, thence to the Continent.

To the Marchioness of Derry.

"How little do you know the heart you have dared—presumptuously—to insult by the cold, unfeeling, language—your letter: and, yet, I have always

presented myself, to you, such as I really am: possessing a lively imagination, altho' without ardour;—a soul susceptible of every transient enjoyment, but a slave to the impulse of self-love: still, with this clue—the hypocrite, compounded as she is of artifices, has not been able to fathom the recesses of my soul.

"A hypocrite—faugh!—what puppets are these idolizers of public fame! —but beware the hour of retribution; and tremble for the airy fabric your inordinate vanity has erected on that tottering basis.

"Let smooth faced sycophants deride the independent principles, they are too pusillanimous to imitate—let

them describe the loss of public opinion as the greatest of all possible ills; and, let them contend, that the mind which can support the punishment, must be, either, incomprehensibly bold—or supinely humble.

"Be it so:—the sublimity of my will shall bear me up against the tide of oppression; and you will see me magnanimously buffetting aside the angry torrent; while you—poor, insignificant trifler,—are borne to perdition by the stream.

"CHARLOTTE."

. . . .

"Stratagem, my good friend—from time immemorial, has been the con-

fessed privilege of love and war: and when the able General finds his best concerted plans suddenly destroyed, by the blowing up of a mine—he will not retreat; but urge his genius to a bolder trial, at a weaker point.

"Man and wife are natural enemies—at least, as much so, as two rival nations, whose sole enmity arises in a thirst of power and absolute dominion. Certain amorous flirtings—in the semblance of a deceitful peace—may, for a time, give a pleasing variety to the scene; but the momentary sunshine unclouded with an impending storm—you recollect the Latin adage:

"*When Greek meets Greek——then, comes the tug of war.*"

"I am really concerned to hear your

fortunes are so low; but as long as the world attaches so much ridiculous pride to the vain-glorious boast of accidental birth—as long as men think themselves superior to the drudgeries of life, because they *happen* to be born gentlemen without a shilling to support them—the evil must exist.

"Why not exert those talents, with which chance has endowed you? Employ them carefully—and you will employ them honorably. Accept what *you* would call a degrading situation—become a man-milliner—or a haberdasher—for instance; either, I would particularly recommend; being assured, that every fine lady, to whom you shew your bewitching smile and white teeth, will return to your shop, and be a good

customer. Nay!—there are more ways than one, in which you might *oblige* them—and if they are *but married*, you know, they may indulge their humor, and defy scandal.

"Women are, naturally, benevolent:—the river of pleasure is a richly flowing stream, which runs to waste, when only one poor traveller quaffs its delicious beverage. A woman's honor is a sleepy-headed Cerberus, and she admits the *handsome beggar* to her banquet, from *pure* philanthropy.

"What have you done with your little favorite, William?—I pray you not to bring him up in idleness. There are abundant charities, in the metropolis, where he may procure an edu-

cation, suited to his prospects in life; and the boy—so tutored—may become a useful member of society. I enclose you a fifty-pound note, for his future use: it will enable him to buy a chest of tools, when at a proper age to want them.—

"Coming—my dearest Viscount!—lord of my heart!—and treasure of my soul!"

"You perceive I am called, Mr. Hamlyn—Farewell.

"CHARLOTTE."

The sun shone with uncommon splendor for the season, and the blushing sisters arose to greet the eventful day.

Soon after Henry made his appearance in Park Lane, the lovely noviciates entered the drawing-room; attired, with dazzling magnificence, in compliment to the native pride of their father, more than in obedience to their own judgment.

The Marchioness almost devoured them with her eyes; and cheered them, to meet the ceremonies of the day, with parental solicitude: while Henry, as he gazed,—grew giddy with delight; and, when his impassioned glances rivetted on Lady Harriet, the glow of sympathy rushed toward her cheek.

She blushed, as you may have seen

the rosebud blush, beneath its morning coat of dew.

Love refines the thoughts—insomuch, that Henry felt purified, as he mentally offered up adorations to the divinity before him—and although the bosom of Lady Harriet might throb with less violent emotions, it certainly did not cherish a passion more chaste—pure—or more exalted than that which Henry confessed.

Love—Proteus-like—assumes all disguises—forms—characters :—'Tis artful—sly—insinuating—

LURKING LOVE.

When lurking Love in ambush lies,
Under Friendship's fair disguise—

When he wears an angry mien,
Imitating spite---or spleen :
When, like Sorrow, he seduces---
When, like Pleasure, he amuses---
Still---howe'er the parts are cast,
'Tis but---"LURKING LOVE"---at last!

The ceremony of presentation is awful to young minds just emerging from retirement; however dignified those minds, by nobility of birth, and refinement of education. Even the volatile Lady Lucy sought, in vain, to rally her accustomed spirits; and when assisted from her chair, at St. James's, she was still more alarmed than her sister.

What a sight for a foreigner is the British Court!

To behold the happy monarch of a

happy people, surrounded—by a numerous family, blooming, alike, in virtue and in loveliness—by nobles emulating each other, in the magnificence of their appearance—by peeresses rivalling the world in beauty, splendor, and accomplishment—by heroes, who magnify a little molehill, of an island, into a mountain that awes all Europe—Europe, which in the map, compared to England, is as Mount Pelion to a wort.

Suddenly, however, the splendor of the surrounding circle was eclipsed.

The Prince advanced—like the effulgent JUPITER, amid the twinkling of the lesser stars: every eye beamed, with admiration, on the graceful majesty of

his person: every heart acknowledged the dignified affability of his address.

His Royal Highness wore the full uniform of a field marshal, with brilliant star and epaulettes: he was attended by his chancellor, and a few officers of his household; but not in state.

It would be difficult to attempt a description of the Prince's undress carriages and liveries—new for the occasion—we shall, therefore, merely say, that they combined simplicity with magnificence, in a way peculiar to his refined taste. The hammercloths, in particular, were remarkable for the richness of their trimming; which, though dazzling in itself, was softened,

by fancy into a lightness of design, almost inconceivable.

The ordeal passed; the Ladies Lucy and Harriet fluttered home; charmed with the amiable condescension of their sovereign—enchanted with the scene they had witnessed—and wondering at their own embarrassment.

At dinner—a few days after—the Marquis inquired of his daughters whether they had noticed Lord Sommers; who, like themselves, was presented for the first time.

"Oh, yes!" answered Lady Lucy, with vivacity, "how was it possible not to notice him;—he is the handsomest

man I ever saw, and his appearance was truly magnificent."

"He is termed," replied the Marquis, "the most accomplished of our young nobility:—But what says Harriet to my question?—Had you not eyes, my love, to admire this handsome fellow, as well as your sister."

"Certainly, my Lord,—but my taste is less romantic. His Lordship was pointed out to me, as we passed from the drawing-room; but I should have forgotten the circumstance, if your Lordship had not recalled it to my remembrance."

"He will dine here, to-morrow, Lady

Harriet; and I wish his Lordship to be received with distinction."

The Marquis accompanied these words with a *certain* glance, that spoke daggers to the heart of his trembling auditor—who, bowing her acquiescence to her father's commands, hastened—rather abruptly—to her room.

In this solitude—assailed by a thousand nameless fears, conjured up by the expression of her father's manner, in his, so particular, address to her—poor Lady Harriet began to examine the *real* state of her heart.

The inquiry was not very complex.

"Merciful Heaven!"—thought the poor trembler—"Is it, then, really as my sister, in the playfulness of her disposition, hath too—too—fatally predicted!

"Yes!—and it is equally true, that imperious custom imposes silence on the purest affections of the female heart.

"Dearest Henry!"—apostrophizing his beloved name—"art thou become an object of terror to the unsuspecting bosom of thy Harriet?—thou, whose approach to intimacy hath been so gentle?—Alas! 'tis even so!—delicacy has achieved a victory, that would have been denied to love.

"Then his manners—so different from every other man's; and his person—so entirely his own: tall, yet graceful: no peculiar beauty in his features; but the beauty of his mind dignifies their mild expression, and gives them a character I never witnessed before. These"—she added, with a sigh—"are the unassuming charms that steal into the heart, before it is aware of danger.

"'Tis said, that kindred souls live upon *one* hope—one joy—one faithful passion. They know no *single* good—nor revel in a *solitary* pleasure. Sympathy,—the handmaid of love—communicates, to each, a mutual joy,———

"A mutual joy!—Ah, me!—And

will it not impart a mutual woe?—My brain grows giddy!—I feel unusual perturbations at my heart—that seem the rash foreboders of some mighty ill!

"This proud Lord Sommers!—but I will not, yet, anticipate an evil, which, perhaps, has no existence, save in my own heated fancy."

"Come in. . . ." said Lady Harriet, to some one who tapped gently at the door, forgetful that she had locked it.

"Come in. . . ."

The rustling of the lock assured her of the fact.

"I intrude, my love," said Mrs. Russell, entering.

"You never can intrude, dear Madam," taking the hand she held, and pressing it to her lips.

Miss O'Brien was descended from a collateral branch of a noble family, in Ireland—but her father being a younger brother, he was not over rich. Early in life she was sent to a convent, at Lisle, for education; where she became a proficient, not only in the more solid branches of education, but in the lighter accomplishments of music, embroidery, and other fancy needleworks.

Soon after her return to her native

country, she became the wife of a lieutenant in a marching regiment,—quartered in their neighbourhood—to the very great displeasure of her parents, who imagined the name of O'Brien an equivalent to fortune; and had destined her, *ideally*, to form some splendid alliance.

The miser's wishes increase with his possessions—those of the ambitious man with power. The drunkard thirsts the more he drinks—love, only, palls not, on possession, when founded on mutual esteem.

Mrs. Russell was happy in her poverty—the hearts of her parents relaxed in their severity—a little girl had just began to lisp her infant wishes at her

mother's knee—when the regiment was ordered to the West Indies.

Not to dwell on the catastrophe—the yellow fever carried off her husband and her child; and Mrs. Russell returned to her father's,—almost as soon as the letter announcing their safe arrival in St. Domingo—deprived of all her heart held dear in life.

About this time, the Marquis,—then a widower—was on a visit to his Irish estates; and the little story of Mrs. Russell's premature woes having reached his ears—the family being his tenants—he thought such a woman would make an admirable governess for his daughters. Proposals were, accordingly, made, and accepted.

Lady Lucy, at that period, was five years old; and Lady Harriet ten months her junior. The Marquis who, *secretly*, cherished an enthusiasm in favor of the Catholic faith, made no objection on the score of Religion: Mrs. Russell, however, professed—as he did—the Protestant creed.

Hitherto the tenderest affections, of these amiable girls, had been shared, equally, between the Marchioness and Mrs. Russell—for their father they felt a reverence—an awful sort of love—which was the only sentiment the extreme hauteur of his manners permitted any of his family to entertain for him.

"You look pensive, my dear Lady Harriet; your eyes are lustreless; and

melancholy hangs upon your cheek; I would not appear impertinently curious; but emboldened by the affectionate attention you have always paid to my counsel, I entreat you to trust me with your sorrows."

Lady Harriet, with an averted face, related her conversation with her father; and her consequent apprehensions.

"Is it then, so singular, my love, that you should be admired? or, that your father should receive overtures for the honor of your hand? You are as yet—I grant—new to the world; and, perhaps, a little more personal observation on the manners, habits, and pretensions, of our young nobility, might qualify you better to form

your choice—But without any *prepossession*, Lady Harriet—forgive me if I observe, that Lord Sommers is, by birth and personal accomplishments, entitled to be heard."

"And pray, my dear Mrs. Russell, do you wish to instruct me, that the heir apparent of an earldom, who can present himself elegantly in the circle, and who displays infinite taste in his dress, is, therefore, *wholly* qualified to make a woman happy—through life?"

"Certainly not, Lady Harriet;—but you have not, as yet, studied his character, or inquired into his morals. What you have seen of him,—at least—is not disgusting."

"Disgusting!—that is a harsh term—but I am satisfied that a man, who doats upon himself, will never love any body else."

"Indeed!—Lady Harriet you have been a very critical observer, considering,—as I think you told me,—you merely saw the young nobleman en passant. You cease to be ingenuous, my love! Have you any stronger objection?"

Lady Harriet's feelings had been striving for utterance some time—she could not conceal her emotion any longer; but rising hastily,—she hid her face on Mrs. Russell's bosom, and burst into a flood of friendly tears.

There is, I believe, an intimate con-

nexion between the hearts of women, that vibrate responsively;—Mrs. Russell no longer doubted; but fearful to oppress a timid mind, too naïve to disguise its feelings—yet too delicate to confess them;—she soothed her pupil to composure, referring the explanation to time and circumstances.

Our Hero had, lately, contracted an intimacy with Mr. Bromley of Staffordshire: and those Gentlemen became strongly attached, to each other, by a similarity of age, taste, and opinions: as to the rest, Mr. Bromley's fortune was perfectly independent, tho' less splendid than his friend's.

"Should he unbosom himself to Bromley?

This was a question of too much consequence for immediate decision*—Henry paused!. . . . . . .

Meanwhile, several packages of sweetmeats and pickles, had been brought over, for him, by a Jamaica ship; and he wished to call, at the Jamaica Coffee-house, to thank the Captain for the care he had taken of them.

Just as our hero was about to step into his carriage,—for the purpose,—Mr. Bromley called, and they both went together.

Leaving the Coffee-house—"did you observe," said Henry, "the *well bred* herd that ranged around me, in the

Coffee-room; so *officiously* polite—and so *friendly* in their inquiries?"

"I should have taken them"—said Bromley—"for a club of hair-cutters—dressed for the Highgate Assembly—had I not seen them address you."

"And well you might—those fellows all went out, naked, to Jamaica; where, by fawning, cringing, and every act of base-born servility, they wriggled themselves, first, into independence—then, into affluence: their humility dying away with their poverty; and their insolence, progressively, increasing with their prosperity. When they once get a poor Creole into their power, they twine round him, as the sapless ivy twines round the heart of the oak; and

swell into importance by extracting the vitals from the source that fostered them."

"A hopeful set of friends—why did you not introduce me, Torrid?"

"I should have been wholly at a loss to tell you the name of any one of them. Such of these people, however, as have returned, *great men*, since my arrival do me the honour to leave their cards; although I declare, to you, I never spoke to them in my life before. All I can tell you, is—that one of these mushrooms is a tailor—another an attorney—a third a jailor: with venders of beef, pork, salt herrings, and new rose butter—out of number. Ashamed of their own families—and other fami-

lies being ashamed of them—they appear to have no resource, but that of uniting their individual self-importanse into one common stock—which evaporates at coffee-rooms—in damning the waiters—abusing the wine—and purchasing civility with heavy douceurs. When they strut, and look big—the waiter bows most humbly: but when they have '*strutted their hour*,' and retire, he pockets his golden prize; and laughs at their folly. The fit of importance ceases when they part; and they shrink, respectively, into their own insignificance, till the next day; when the ridiculous farce is repeated."

"Upon my soul, your caricature is pointed—and, I dare swear—just."

"Pardon me—*they*, are the carica-

ture—mine is the portrait; or, more properly—the fac simile of their caricature."

Returning home, he found, among the cards of the day, this billet:

"At eleven, this evening, the cabinet will be illuminated, and I shall be alone.

"Julie."

"I will not go"—said Henry—thrusting the note into the fire.

His engagement for dinner was, at the Board of Green Cloth, with his Cousin: the dinner was profuse; the wines exquisite. At eleven Henry was less wise than in the morning; and his

evil genius directed him to his appointment.

Flushed with wine—and mischievously gay—our hero vaulted up the stairs; but started—on his entering the drawing room.

"Allow me"—said Madame de St. Amand—"to present to Mr. Torrid—"my brother, the Comte de Rouillet."

Usual compliments pass'd—and Madame de St. Amand, having, by certain signs, evinced a displeasure at this *unseasonable* interruption; by other signs, motioned to Henry not to retire.

"My brother has smuggled some

famous white Champaigne, and brought me a basket by way of sample: You will give me your opinion, Mr. Torrid."

The Comte had only arrived in London, from Hamburgh, a few hours before; and having some particular communications, respecting her estates in France, to make to his sister; he immediately sought her.

He appeared in the undress of a traveller. The Champaigne was admirable. A third bottle sparkled on the board; when Madame de St. Amand declared she was vapoured, and challenged our hero to a hand at picquet. "My brother"—she added—"will take up the conqueror."

Henry, having won the deal, by cutting—asked, as he shuffled the cards, for what they were to play.

"Oh. . des petits riens. . five guineas, on the pique—repique—and capot."

At these "*little nothings*," Henry, began by winning a few handfuls of guineas, and arose from table, at eight the next morning, twenty-two thousand pounds—minus.

As the expert angler, by touches of skill, tickles the floundering trout into his net—Monsieur le Comte de Rouillet, by well adapted strokes of admirable finesse, played on the rash impetuosity of our hero's nature, luring him to ruin.

Bloated with the harrowing vigils of the night—stupid with the heavy fumes of wine—oppressed by a consciousness of error, he was too much confused to define—Henry prepared to leave his syren hostess.

"This check is on my banker—Monsieur le Comte—for two thousand pounds; and this I: O: U: will constitute me your debtor for the remaining twenty; which I shall take a very *early* occasion to redeem."

"Oh—the petite bagatelle, was scarcely worth mentioning: Madame Fortune, was one demoiselle—très-capricieuse—he should have de honneur to lose it all back again to Mon-

sieur de Torride, when Monsieur de Torride would have the bonté to call upon him, for his ravanche."

Henry only bowed to this very fine speech, which was ornamented with grimace—shrug—and contortion—all, highly explanatory of good breeding.

Madame de St. Amand's carriage awaited his orders at the door; but Henry, sullenly, pass'd on; walking, till he reached the top of Sloane Street—when, throwing himself into a hack, he drove home.

Arriving at Limmers, he went to bed; but not to sleep—"His folly would become public!—Lady Harriet, would hear it!—would despise him!"

An agitated mind can only find relief in action—Henry arose—threw on his dressing gown, and paced the room in agony. His clenched fist beat against his forehead—his brain fired—a momentary madness seized his faculties—when, happily, his valet entered.

The poor fellow was quite terrified at seeing his master in this situation. His appearance, however, softened the frenzied agonies he broke in, upon; and Henry—with a convulsive struggle—essaying to be calm, ordered his clothes to dress.

No reproof is half so piercing as that which comes from the conscience. Friends, with different motives, tell us of our errors; always, however, with an

insolence, of superiority, which they derive from our fall. But that inward monitor—whose impressive silence awes even the profligate into a momentary repentance—when challenging the deviation of a virtuous soul, assumes a majesty of reproach, that makes us hateful to ourselves.

To divert reflection, Henry ordered his saddle horses; and took a solitary gallop to Ewell, and back again. His engagement, for the evening, was the Opera—the Ladies Lucy and Harriet, now, accompanied the Marchioness every where.

When he entered their box—his heart beating heavily—his eyes sunk—and his cheek wan—the effect was magical.

He beheld the lovely sisters occupying the foremost seats of the box, dressed in a style of brilliant fancy, that almost robb'd them of mortality. If to a *common* observer the effect was decisive, what must the operation be on the heart of the enamoured Henry?

The torch of Cupid—in an instant—rekindled the fire of his large black eyes—his blood re-mounted to his face—and he was some moments ere he could articulate the usual compliments.

Figure to yourself—lovely reader! whether a romantic mind—a susceptible heart—or a dispassionate observer—these charming girls, embellishing so-

ciety, with every personal attraction—intuitive excellence—and brilliancy of costume.

They were dressed, alike, in black muslin; trimm'd with white lace, and festooned, at the waist, with diamonds. A Spanish hat, of black velvet, with a superb plume of white ostrich feathers, displayed, in front, a wreath of diamonds, surmounted with a flower of the same rich materials: brilliant drops and ear-rings; swansdown tippet; and white gloves.

Hope—on light pinions—gently wafted sorrow, from the heart of Henry, as he gazed on the object of all his tenderest wishes. The approving smile with which *his* divinity listened to his

remarks—the judgement with which she replied to them—the unaffected modesty of her manner—the superiority of her charms—all heightened—by the little bosom flutterer—with anticipated preference—transported Henry, in one moment, from the dusky shades of Erebus, to the brightened atmosphere of Elysium.

The language of the eyes, surpasses, in expression, all the studied periods of eloquence: a single glance from the heart—to the heart—contains volumes of information.

In the midst of this enchantment, the door opened, and presented Lord Sommers to the company. An imposing elegance—an easy freedom—a sort of

conscious welcome—marked his address; and when he spoke to Lady Harriet, his manner was so assured, that it asked nothing from her condescension.

Jealousy, now, for the first time, claimed acquaintance with our hero. He looked, almost with contempt, on the young nobleman; and when he perceived a sort of pensive gloom hadsuperseded the gaiety of Lady Harriet's manners—he sickened—scarcely paid his usual attentions to the Marchioness—and, complaining of indisposition, took leave of the party at the Opera-door.

"Nurse yourself to-night, Henry"—said the Marchioness at parting—"Re-

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member, I will not be disappointed in my partner tomorrow evening."

The Marchioness gave a dress ball, in honor of her daughters in law :—The intervening time passed heavily with Henry; whose mind, crouded by contending passions, was, wholly, a stranger to a moment's peace.

At the ball, Henry's first two dances were with the Marchioness—the next two with Lady Lucy—then Lady Harriet—and lastly, to conclude the evening, with the Marchioness.

Henry, supinely, performed the first parts of his engagements, panting to touch the hand of Lady Harriet, and

lead her through the sportive throng. With heartfelt pleasure he perceived the cold rules of civility with which she repulsed the bold advances of Lord Sommers to intimacy; and could have pressed her, to his heart, in grateful acknowledgment.

At length, the wished for moment arrived—shall I declare it?—*mutually* wished for moment!

A waltz called!—Henry was, suddenly, inspired: and the aerial figure of his partner yielded, gracefully, to the mazy turnings of the dance.

The music was ravishingly sweet—two harps, assisted by oboes, clarinets, and base viols, gave a sentiment to har-

mony, at once, brilliant and touching. The finely turned limbs of Lady Harriet were, *eloquently*, responsive to the strain; and, when the figure twined the persons of the dancers, Henry folded, with timidity, her elastic waist; while her unconscious arms appeared to open to receive him.

Once—when waltzing—Henry felt her heart give a *single* throb, beneath his hand—that heart, which, in his estimation, every power divine had, peculiarly, gifted—that heart, which beat for him—he felt!—and a blissful tremulation communicated with his every nerve.

The eyes of the circle were upon them; but they, only, beheld each

other—Lady Harriet paused—involuntarily—and, notwithstanding the lightness of her figure, almost sought repose upon her partner. Her features animated with glowing exercise—her whole person breathed an indescribable expression.

With Henry—she was more than mortal!

Next day, the town rang with Henry's losses to Madame de St. Amand; and few persons scrupled to say, that the whole was a sharper's trick. Our hero was strongly advised, by his friends, not to pay the money.

In the midst of this bustle, a note from Mr. Melmoth, requested his ne-

phew's company immediately: his losses were the subject of their conversation.

"The interest, my dear Henry, I must always feel in your welfare, as the only child of my dear departed sister, will, I hope, give what I may advance, more the air of affectionate solicitude, than impertinent curiosity. Will you, therefore, give me leave to ask you, if you are certain, that this Comte de Rouillet is really the brother of Madame de St. Amand; and, whether you feel convinced, that his presence, that evening, was accidental; and your losses, wholly, attributable to the blind impetuosity of your disposition?"

"Why, really—my dear Sir—I have

not, as yet, questioned myself on the subject. I feel ashamed at having been the dupe of any one—if such be the fact—and I deserve to lose the money—if otherwise—for not having a more proper command of my own temper. Still, I fear, the plan was arranged; but I have no better evidence of the fact."

"A man of honor—Henry—is not bound to pay money won, unfairly, by a sharper; and I should strenuously advise you to resist the claim."

"When false play—uncle—is introduced, I confess it invalidates the claim of the offender; but I cannot think, that a man is authorized to refuse paying a play debt, merely, because an-

other person has discovered *great* talent, and himself *great* folly."

"I have ordered my doors to be closed against the lady"—said Mr. Melmoth—"and, I hope, however your sense of honor may guide you to act in this business, that you will drop so dangerous an acquaintance. Do you want money?"

Henry assured his uncle he had lived much within his income, and could command the amount. Mr. Melmoth still pressed him to look into the business, before he threw away so large a sum, and they parted: Mr. Melmoth to the Treasury, Henry to call upon his friend Bromley.

It was Saturday—Mr. Hamlyn was contemplating the expiring embers on the hearth—his milk-woman had just served him with a summons for nine shillings and two-pence—his landlady had threatened to turn him into the street—and his dear little William whined for his accustomed breakfast.

All was blank in the perspective etched by this unhappy man. Even his injuries, bitter as they were, had not goaded the hearts of any of his relations to offer him assistance, and he was too proud to beg it. A novel lay on the table, which he, in vain, had offered to the booksellers; but mortifying repulses were the only fruit he culled from his industry. He was not

known to the trade—no one would read his works—he had no other resource.

"Will you remain quiet here, my darling boy, ten minutes, while papa goes out to buy your breakfast?"

"William would rather go with papa," answered the poor little fellow—"I fraid for the naughty woman down stairs—do, my papa—take little William with you."

The thing was impossible—Mr. Hamlyn was going to the pawn-broker's with the only coat to his back—he shuddered to introduce his infant to such a scene.

During this tender debate, the land-

lady bounced into the room, and throwing a letter on the table, exclaimed,

"A pretty squire, truly, can't pay half-a-crown a week for his lodging—but goes about swindling honest people out of their lawful dues—shame on such varmint, I say—Botany-Bay would be too good for them."

"Woman!"—exclaimed Hamlyn—"leave the room—you know not what it is to tempt a desperate man—I may forget your sex, as much as you have forgotten it yourself—Away!"

"Marry come up—indeed—who's to be frightened by you—d'ye think?"—She, however, quitted the room.

The letter lay, for some minutes, on the table. At length, Hamlyn took it up: he did not know the hand; but paused to look at the seal.

"Splendid bauble! how these gaudy trappings, of empty birth and wealthy pride, mock my poverty!—an ermined mantle pompously displayed before the man who is just about to pawn his only covering to give his infant food!"

He tore it open.

"Sir,

"The Gazette, of this evening, will announce you to a lieutenancy in a regiment of foot, now serving in India; and as you will be ordered, immediately, to join; one hundred guineas are

made payable to your order at Messrs. Coutt's, as well as an annuity of fifty guineas, for the maintenance of your little boy during your absence."

"*An Enemy to Oppression.*"

Mr. Hamlyn stood like one transfixed —his eyes glared wildly on the paper— without action—without meaning. His heart panted—his bosom throbb'd—then seizing William in his embrace: surprize!—joy!—gratitude!—religion!— spoke, in a flood of eloquent tears, addressed to Heaven. . . . .

"Now, my dear William, *we* will go out for breakfast together."

At his return—having received the hundred guineas, and established the

other facts; but without any clue of the benevolent douor—he found a padlock had been placed on the outside of his door, and admittance denied him.

"Monster!—would you drive me, with my child, into the open streets, such weather as this is?"

He was answered by a torrent of abuse.

"What is your demand, woman?"

"Two weeks and a half, at two shillings and sixpence per week—feller!"

Hamlyn unclosed his pocket-book, and displayed his treasure before her—she shrieked with astonishment.

"Wretch!—call me a coach."

She was too much terrified to reply—but obeyed: Hamlyn and his little darling drove to another lodging.

While this scene of unexpected good fortune was passing; one equally extraordinary, though of a very different nature, befel our hero.

"Be alone to-morrow morning, at two, and order your doors to be closed against every one else, if you wish to see,

"*The Dumb Man.*"

Henry read the above note, with infinite pleasure, and gave directions accordingly.

Punctual to the moment—his visitor appeared. His countenance was more than usually forbidding—he took his seat in silence.

"I am delighted"—said Henry—"with the opportunity you afford me of being better acquainted with you. It was an object, really, near to my heart."

"Yes"—returned the Cynic—"and my advice has been near your heart—has it not?"

Henry made no reply.

"Boy!. . . . to make yourself the easy plaything of a w—e, who disgraces her sex; and a common thief, who has

escaped the gallows by miracle—tell me, have you paid the money ?"

"No—I have engaged to pay it on wednesday morning next."

"So far—so well—will you be guided by me?— speak decidedly."

"There is something supernatural in your knowledge of events, and authoritative in your manner, that commands obedience.——I will."

"Then follow me."

A carriage waited at the door, and they drove to Bow-street.

"Now"—said the Cynic, who had

been silent during their ride—"mark me, well—and flinch not."

On entering the court, the Cynic was saluted courteously--as Sir Alfred Drummond—by the presiding Magistrate; who informed him, that, upon his information, a search warrant had been issued against Pierre Brientz—*alias* the Baron de Schall—*alias* the Marquis di Strozzi—*alias* the Comte de Rouillet—That loaded dice, and marked cards, had been found in his apartments; and that he waited, in the lobby, for examination.

The *soi disant* German Baron—Italian Marquis—French Comte—presented himself with unstricken effrontery; and demanded, by what law, his apart-

ments had been forced, and his person, thus ignominiously, brought before a Court.

To this pompous appeal, the magistrate replied, mildly, he should be satisfied on all points. The evidence was then entered into, which proved the various characters, and disguises, he had assumed. That his original entrée into the country, about eighteen years ago, was in the character of a Savoyard—but the hurdy-gurdy being too humble an instrument for the soaring genius of the itinerant, he had, progressively, aspired to the rank he, now, appeared in.

He was desired to produce testimonials of his character. He made a long

speech; but could not comply with this reasonable demand.

An order was made for his commitment—as a vagrant—to hard labor, at Bridewell, for six months; and then to be delivered over to the Alien Office.

At this terrible decree, the prisoner's jaw fell—his sallow visage lengthened to an horrible extension—he fell upon his knees, praying for mercy.

His confession followed; which stated—That he had been employed, by Madame de St. Amand, to *cheat* Mr. Torrid out of the money he had won; that the whole had been conducted by fraud; and, excepting, five hundred

pounds—the price of his villany—all the money, as well as the note, had been delivered over to the lady.

Madame de St. Amand was now sent for, but admitted to a private examination; when she was briefly told, she must either refund, or be committed with the Comte, as his accomplice; the which—after an hysteric farce—was complied with, as far as related to the I: O: U: but the money was irredeemable.

"Now"—said Sir Alfred, retiring with our hero—"I have been the means of saving you, perhaps, from perdition: let this lesson—be impressive. Avoid the indulgence of a favorite passion, as you would disease, dishonor,

or accumulated evils: learn to know yourself—correct your impetuosity of character—be wise, and you will be happy; for, hitherto, you are virtuous.

"On your table you will find a memoir of my life. Let it instruct you; and, when you are hurried away by passion—REMEMBER ME!"

Sir Alfred stepped into his carriage, which drove off instantly.

Henry hastened home, where he found a packet—which he eagerly tore open—thus superscribed:

LOVE AND HATRED;

OR,

THE SORROWS OF THE HEART.

"The families of Drummond and

Fairfax are known to be the most opulent, as well as the most ancient, in the county of ———— and, whether this equality gave rise to a spirit of rivalry, in our ancestors; or, from what other cause, I cannot determine, but the fact is, that a sworn hatred has, for generations past, descended with the inheritance from father to son; and with an inveteracy, of perseverance, that could not have been exceeded. Every family of consideration, for many miles around us, openly, espoused either the enmity of the Drummonds, or that of the Fairfaxes.

"With respect to myself—who was the elder son—I can safely aver, that the first passion I, at all, remember to have indulged, was a rooted hatred

to every being, who bore the name of Fairfax.

"With my brother—this baneful sentiment was still more powerfully impressed—so that our juvenile opinions strongly cemented, in each other's minds, a duty inseparable from this rancorous, and, I may say—native, prejudice. It became, at length, an unalienable part of our character, which we cherished, as a sacred trust bequeathed, to us, by our forefathers.

"When I was about nine years of age, and my brother seven, a dispute took place between my father and Sir Willoughby Fairfax, at a county meeting, which ended in a duel fatal to the former.

"Great God!—Can I ever forget that first, that solemn, hour of early affliction! A father whom I adored—whom I had fondly embraced in the morning—restored, to me, a lifeless corse!—but, to pass over a scene which forty succeeding years have not weakened on my memory, I shall only add, that my brother, and myself, threw ourselves over his bleeding body; and, in that situation, swore eternal revenge and hatred against the family of Fairfax.

"We grew up:—while at college, it was my fate to contract an intimacy with a young lady, whose age, fortune, and rank, were correspondent with my own.

"She was. . . . . . oh, let me clasp my hand across my eyes in agony—She was. . . . ."

"Yes, my friend, she was. . . . . like your Harriet!"

Henry started. . . . there was a wildness in his eyes, as he perused this passage, truly alarming—he shrunk back in his chair, and gasped for breath.

At length he articulated. . . . .

"Mysterious being!—we must be friends—or enemies—for the remainder of our lives.—Whence comes it that you peruse the inmost secrets of my soul?"

Recovering—he continued to read.

"We loved. . . . . . we plighted, to each other, our mutual faith. . . . her parents' consent gave sanction to our union: the day was appointed for our marriage: nay, more. . . . the wedding morning dawned. . . . impatient wishes filled my beating heart. . . . a timid joy, in fearful smiles, lighted up the lovely features of my future wife. . . . .

"We knelt before the altar. . . . the service, which was to make her mine, had already began. . . . . .

"When—fiend like—the heir of Fairfax intruded on the sacred ceremony; and, with pestilential breath, blighted the fruit of our ardent loves!!!

"For a length of time, I was delirious. . . . .

"When restored to reason, I learnt that my bride elect was, *distantly*, related to my greatest enemy—so distantly, indeed, that the families scarcely knew each other; but the fame of my marriage having gone abroad, Sir Willoughby, for a time, smiled, with a demon's joy, on our growing loves, and fancied security—then, with ONE strong—emphatic—comprehensive—word, he sundered our vows for ever.

"That I could have borne—but oh!—to counteract the fickleness of female hearts requires more than mortal fortitude!

"Scarcely were my eyes opened to returning life, ere I heard that Amelia —removed to a distant county—was on the point of a second marriage: I relapsed—how long I remained insensible I cannot tell you—but when I awoke to a confirmation of my fate, I found that, the force of prejudice was stronger than the ties of love. . . . . Amelia was lost, to me, for ever.

"But Heaven, that destined me for greater ills, endowed me with powers to support my fate.

"The reduced state of my health, and the languor under which I scarcely supported my existence, occasioned me to go abroad, whither I was ordered by my physicians. I had no power to resist

—I was too supine to trouble myself with the disposition of a carcase I panted to be freed from.

"Accident—more than choice—conducted me to the Swiss Mountains. Here—for the first time—my heart began to re-open to the offices of life. Amid these happy people, I saw so much to admire—to love—to venerate—they restored me to a *partial* confidence in my fellow creatures.

"Here, the robust and laborious cottager, lives in all the unsophisticated charms of original nature; hunting and fishing are his riches—his happiness centers in his family—his luxuries, in the exercise of hospitality, and universal benevolence.

"He is habituated, from his infancy, to fatigue; and mechanically endures hard labor, without knowing the meaning of idleness. He is free from mistrust—lives in perfect security by the side of his mountain—and defies all the cares of life.

"Are you unfortunate?—he protects you. Are you indigent?—he relieves you: and so natural are the rites of hospitality among them—that, when the family all leave home, they also leave their door open for the repose of the traveller, who finds a home-made cake, and a jug of new milk, laid out for his entertainment.

"The *rudeness* of the climate forms a singular contrast with the *softness* of

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

their manners—and the savage asperities of their mountains, with the goodness of their hearts.

"During the severities of winter, whole families are compelled to emigrate, from the mountains, to a more congenial climate; and, at the returning spring, these families, with their flocks, re-visit their mountains.

"How glorious the sight!—the splendid sunbeam dazzles, on the virgin bosom of the snow-topt eminences, in brilliant masses of sparkling grandeur. The released torrent rushes, from its ice-bound cavern, into the fertile mead below; or, mingles with the neighbouring lake. Cascades hurl their foam from rock to rock; and, with abrupt fall,

rollers of ice mingle with the stream, and, headlong, follow their impetuous course.

"From this revolution of nature, a thousand murmuring springs meander over the plains, giving them smiling fertility. The meadows flourish—the sportive flocks fatten on the rich herbage—and the delighted cottager smiles on renovated plenty. The re-established calm enters into his "heart of hearts" —their villages re-people—their dwellings are repaired—they hunt again—they fish again—they enjoy, once more, the full indulgence of their hospitality.

"After four years travel, I returned to my paternal seat—a softened melan-

choly superseded the maddening agonies I had suffered—I began, once more, to mingle in the society of human beings.

"I found my brother married: his wife was amiable; and a little boy and girl appeared to complete their domestic happiness.

"New views, now, opened on my mind. My brother's calm enjoyments penetrated my heart—I began to see, that the reciprocal duties of parent and child—husband and wife—were capable of conferring infinite happiness, without the romantic aid of enthusiastic love.

"Love!. . . . it was extinct within my bosom—or rather the fierceness of its feelings had worn it out:—but friendship—

esteem—these, were within my power: —I would court the calm pleasures of domestic life, and forget—if possible—my baffled hopes, and disappointed joys.

"I married—my choice was guided by my reason—my wife justified that choice—I might have been happy; but fate—call it what you will—deprived me of her, as soon as I became sensible of her value.

"She gave me a daughter, and purchased the gift with her life.

"My grief was not, as before, impassioned—but it was steady, and sincere. I had just began to taste of happiness—

"This was a new victory to the hateful Fairfax!

"In this situation, I resolved on retiring to the confines of Cornwall, where I had a small estate, and to take my leave, for ever, of the world.

"Here, my little Amey became my world. Here, I was first taught, that paternal affection will fill up every void in the heart. My child was every thing to me—I was every thing to my child:—our mutual affection was, at once, pure and exalted.

"Educated by a father who thus adored her, and a stranger almost to every other society, I fancied—madman

that I was !—I could, *always*, direct the current of her affections.

" Amey—as she advanced to maturity —discovered a degree of sensibility that ought to have alarmed me. While I—on the contrary—beheld it with admiration. I did more—I described to her, in glowing colors, the misfortunes of my life—the fatality and idolatry with which I had loved. On this impassioned tale, her youthful soul would hang, with endless rapture. At her desire I opened again, and again, the melancholy record, even to the most minute detail. She would clasp my neck, with sympathetic agony, when I described the sorrows of disappointed love—mingle tears, with mine, for the loss of my father—and reprobate, with

me, the savage *pleasures* of the Fairfax family.

"But with all this feeling, Amey did not enter, fully, into my inheritance of hatred: her heart was alive, only, to the softer emotions, How often has she moderated my passions; when, inflamed by damning recollections, I could have hurled my enemies—nay, all the world, into another chaos!—her tears have stopped the stream of mine: her embraces have warmed my heart to renovated philanthropy.

"Meanwhile, my brother passed a very different life from ours. He was, also, a father and a widower: his only daughter—like mine—was the object of his idolatry: her mother, a rich

heiress, had left them immense wealth; which, added to his maternal inheritance, placed him, infinitely, above the Fairfaxes, in point of riches. He resolved either to ruin their fortunes, or to gall their pride. He set up the establishment of a prince; and, with pleasure, saw his enemies attempting to vie with him in magnificence. To luxury, he added luxury; and, in every guinea thus lavished, he anticipated the rich return of satiated vengeance.

"With this difference of habit, it will not be supposed my brother and myself could find much pleasure in each others society. We, however, visited—and our children were sincerely aud mutually attached.

"Louisa—my niece—was taken, by her father, to Paris, for the completion of her education; where a French bel esprit taught her a false *philosophy*, that perverted the innate goodness of her heart.

"My system was different. I embellished my retreat with masters, of every science, and of every accomplishment: and Amey, having no worldly objects to withdraw, or distract, her attention, displayed an almost universal genius.

"Thus, Amey, at the age of fifteen, presented to my enraptured view, a happy union of talent and accomplishment, rarely to be met with. Our ordinary subjects of conversation were the sublime. Her soul elevated, with religious enthusiasm, toward her God, and her

Maker!—she read His Omnipotence in the wonders of the creation—and contemplated, with pious gratitude, His benevolence and mercies toward mankind.

"With a susceptible heart, and vehement nature, so practised, Amey became a zealous advocate in every cause that she espoused. Her disposition would not permit her to consider trifles with indifference; and her active spirit urged her to deep research in objects of more moment.

"Good Heaven!. . . . how proud was I of my labor!—how, impiously, proud!. . . . I beheld my daughter challenging perfection—my happiness was too complete. I now removed to a gayer

scene—opened my doors to the neighbouring nobility—and sought to establish my child for life.

"My fortune, originally considerable, had increased from the recluse life we led; and Amelia Drummond—such as I have described her—with a splendid inheritance, became the theme of general admiration.

"Repeated, unexceptionable, offers were made for her hand; which I referred, unconditionally, to herself. On these occasions, Amey would throw her snowy arms around my neck—embrace me—and, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, tenderly ask me, if I was tired of my child?

"Deceitful calm!—Amey thought she was insensible; but I foresaw that she was only romantic. Her imagination had formed the semblance of a man, to whom she could, freely, devote the whole sensibility of her heart, and hitherto, no one had approximated to her picture.

"At this period, the Duke of Wirtemburgh had just arrived in England, to espouse our Princess Royal. A school-fellow of mine, who resided at Stutgard, and whom I had visited on my former travels, invited me to return with the Duke, as the most magnificent preparations were making for the reception of his Royal Consort.

"Amey was pleased with this invitation; and that was enough to engage

my ready compliance. We left England, a few days before the royal pair, and were received, with open arms, by our obliging host. He had married a German lady, of distinction, who was to form one in the Princess's establishment. Nothing could have been more opportune for the full indulgence of my Amey's curiosity on this occasion—She was, now, in her eighteenth year—

"The entertainments, soon after, began with a masked ball. I had no intention of visiting these places myself; but confided Amey to the guardianship of my friend's wife—not only in perfect confidence; but with a fulness of pride, that assured me she would command universal admiration. She assumed the character of Marmontel's Shepherdess

of the Alps—without a mask—and combined, in her appearance, the dignity of birth and education, with the simplicity of her disguise, with admirable correctness of effect. She was—as I predicted—the admiration of the circle, and engaged the particular attention of the Duchess.

"To make my story more intelligible, I shall introduce circumstances as they happened—although it was impossible I could have known them at the time—instead of deferring the éclaircissement to periods at which they came to my knowledge.

"Toward the close of the fête, a mask of a most engaging mien, and elegant address, solicited Amey to join

him in an English dance. She had declined dancing the whole evening, and was preparing to retire, but found herself impelled to break her resolution, by a secret spring of action, that was irresistible; she arose—extended her hand, which the stranger received with a graceful bow, and they danced a pas de deux.

"The company eagerly gathered round them: the sight was novel and pleasing: at length, Amey complained of the heat, and requested her partner to lead her to a seat. He presented her with refreshment: and, to relieve his own fatigue, unmasked.

"What a countenance!—so noble!—so interesting!—that moment was decisive.

"An animated conversation followed this discovery: the tones of the stranger's voice were gentle—tender—harmonious. A reciprocity of sentiment made them forget they were new to each other:—They conversed without diffidence—every expression assimilated their minds, more and more—mutual sensibility tied the knot for ever.

"Amey was surprised and chagrined, when her friend approached to lead her from the room. The stranger and herself parted like old friends; and it was not, till afterwards, that she began to fear she might never see him again.

"The following night was to be distinguished by splendid fire-works, constructed on a scale of very superior

grandeur. Amey was all impatience for the evening. I had been accustomed to the vivacity of her feelings; yet had never, before, remarked them to be so keen—but Amey had never seen any fire-works—and hers was the age of impatience—nothing could be more natural.

" The fire-works were relieved by a bal champêtre in an orange grove. Amey was soon discovered by the amiable unknown. They danced together again—they again conversed—he offered his arm to lead her through the illuminated garden; she mingled with the crowd; but felt herself alone—alone, with him, who thought, acted, breathed, as she did.

" He withdrew her attention to the scene before them—when he gazed on the decorated trees—Amey gazed too.

" There is, certainly, some secret spring of affection in the human mind, which conceals its tenderness from the multitude, and only communicates, when it *feels* it would be understood.

" The youth, next, pointed to the spacious walk—the grandeur of its embellishment—the variegated devices of the lamps—forming a most splendid coup d'œil.

" As she contemplated these objects, a sudden sun arose above their heads—bursting into endless rays of dazzling beauty and variety. The atmosphere

again obscured; when a shower of elemental fire appeared to fall from their aerial canopy: these gemmed, around them, in sparkling magnificence.

"All this was wholly new to Amey—she gasped with pleasure—clasped on the arm of the stranger—he sustained her with emotion—they both hesitated—they knew not how to advance—they dreaded to remain as they were.

"At length, they moved with the crowd, and approached a canal, on whose borders they halted to admire the reflection of the fire-works on the calm bosom of the stream.

"'How little'—said the stranger—'has man—vain, impious, man!—to build the fairy fabric of his pride upon.

A Sovereign opens his treasury, and commands the arts to be obedient to his will. He believes himself to be a God on earth—and yet, how soon, are all his transitory pleasures evaporated in a cloud of smoke. With eager impetuosity the crowd of triflers press to behold the glitter of these fabricated stars, who view, without feeling, the daily illumination of the heavens. They worship the worldly splendor, that dies with the coming hour, and disregard the heavenly bodies which have retained their splendor for centuries past, and will retain it for centuries yet to come.'

"Amey listened, with enthusiasm, as he spoke; she applauded, in her heart, every sentiment he uttered; but the powers of speech were denied her. She

raised her eyes toward Heaven, with the tranquil conviction that an eternity, on earth, could not dissolve the union of *their* souls.

"At length, the stranger, recollecting himself, pressed his fair charge to return to the palace: the evening air—the dews on the grass—the freshness of the canal—all, were calculated to injure her health. . . . he gave a sigh to the bare supposition.

"With a deepened blush, my child arose—she looked around her; and perceived, with surprise, that they were deserted by the company.

"'Pray let us retire'—she said, in hurried accents—'but not on account

of my health. I am a rustic—accustomed to the night air—and'—added she languishingly—'whenever I, again, pass an evening, in the open air, I shall *remember* the adventures of this night.'

"Whatever might have been the expression which accompanied these words, the stranger felt their full force: he was unable to restrain his emotion; and seizing the hand of Amey, he carried it, passionately, to his lips; exclaiming,

"'Yes!—divine miracle of perfection—yes!—our union is registered in Heaven—we were created for each other—our hearts confirm the fact. . . . Speak—oh, bless me with an approving smile—tell me, by what means I may aspire to the possession of this hand?'

" 'By speaking to my father'—she replied with blushing simplicity, and gently pressing the hand that held her —' By speaking to my father—he is a man of honor, and loves his child.'

" 'But you do not tell me his name' —rejoined the youth, in accents of entreaty.

" 'Oh. . . . I had forgot. . . his name is Drummond—Sir Alfred Drummond, of Drummond Hall, ——shire. My happiness is the only wish of his life, and. . . . .'

" At this moment, groupes of strollers burst upon them, from the cross walks; and he had scarcely time to answer, that he would seek me, in the

morning, ere my friends—who were in search of them—broke off the conversation.

"As soon as they reached home, Amey flew up to my chamber; and, embracing me, with even more than her accustomed tenderness, bathed my cheeks with tears.

"My child!. . . . pressing her to my heart.

"'My father!. . . .' a pause succeeded—when assured by my caresses, she faintly told me, that she had seen *my* son.

"My son, Amey?—Have you a brother?

"'No, my father—your son,—the destined master of my heart—I have *found* him—and I feel extremely happy.'

"Take care, Amey. . . . . sudden prepossessions are dangerous.

"'Oh, my father, fear nothing—see him—judge for yourself. Do you fancy your Amey would, clandestinely, bestow her heart; or oppose your will in any thing?'

"Dearest Amey!—you alarm me—you distress me. In a short hour to make that choise which will decide every future hour of your life. You cannot, my best love, have been so imprudent as to risk your happiness; nay, your honor—perhaps—to an adventurer.

" 'My father, you have often told me, that native honor proudly bears its stamp upon the front of the possessor. See him, my father—you will find these tokens to be, indelibly, his own.'

" Appearances, my child, are sometimes deceitful?

" 'But when you have judged for yourself, my father?'

" When?

" 'To-morrow.'

" What is his name?. . . . Oh, Amey; . . . . this flight of the heart is too sudden—infinitely too sudden.

"'Can the impression, my father, made by virtue, on an innocent heart, be too lively, or too deep?'

"His name?

"'His name'.... repeated Amey with a blush—'He is an Englishman, of birth, my father. I feel assured he is so.'

"His name?—I repeated it with impatience.

"'He will be here to-morrow, my father—and when he tells you his name: I shall know it too.'

"I could not avoid smiling at this

unerring trait of simplicity; tho' really distressed—

"“ And so, Amey, you are about to give me a son-in-law, whose name, even, you do not know?

"To calm me, she took her seat on my knee; and with the most amiable candor, innocently detailed the events of the two preceding evenings: dwelling, as I could well perceive, on the circumstances which had, most nearly, touched her heart.

"Well, said I, Amey!—after all—an adventurer *might* have told you these pretty things, with as much grace as a man of honor.

"'Certainly, my father—such a cha-

racter *might* have learnt, by heart, similar phrases—and might, alas! have delivered them with elegance. . . . . . But the expression ! . . . . . . Ah! my father, can virtue *dignify* the features of a dissembler ? . . . . . . Can vice insinuate with virtue, and produce the bonds of sympathy ? . . . . . . No, my father. . . . . . he has read my thoughts—he has partaken my emotions—he has mingled, *his* with *mine*, and the union is divine.'

" Amey pressed me to her heart, as she concluded; and I returned her warm embrace, saying,

" Heaven's will be done ! . . . retire, my child. . . . to-morrow will explain all.

"For my part, I had little disposition to sleep. I saw the destiny of my child involved in mystery. I shuddered at the reflection. . . . . . . Still, I was of opinion, that no improper character could have gained admission at the ducal palace.

"Next morning, I received a note, without a signature, inviting me to meet an old friend at a certain hotel.

"At the appointed hour, I went; having desired Amey to detain her unknown lover, if he called in my absence.

"On my arrival, I was ushered to an apartment, when I was saluted by an elegant young man; who, with the

most polished, yet embarrassed manners, pressed me to be seated.

"'I must appear, Sir'—said he—'under circumstances of extreme disadvantage before you. I have even employed an artifice to procure the honor of this interview, when it is most essential, to my future peace, to impress you with a conviction of my candor and sincerity.'

"I saw, at once, this must be my girl's lover, and eyed him with the most scrutinizing caution. Yet I could discern nothing to his disadvantage: his countenance was, indeed, the *certain* index of a virtuous mind.

"He read my passing thoughts. . .

and added—' Chance, my dear Sir, has made me acquainted with your amiable daughter: It has done more—it has taught me to hope. . . . . .'

"I interrupted the youth, by rising to offer him my hand—

"I love my daughter—said I—more than my life: she has related the particulars of her interviews with you; and, unless your countenance is a faithless interpreter of your feelings, we shall not fall out. . . . . . What have you to say to me?

"A noble frankness marked his reply.

"'When I first saw your lovely

daughter, Sir Alfred!—I was, altogether, unacquainted with her birth and pretensions. But how cold is the language of reason, when opposed to the rhetoric of the heart. I yielded, without hesitation, to the new-born sentiment; and was, alike, blind to the distinction of rank, or fortune. To confirm, or to reject, my passion, Sir—is your prerogative—but if you *think* I am unworthy the happiness I would claim; if you *feel* you ought not to entwine your daughter's happiness with mine—let us, at least, save *her* from the anguish of regret, and pour the pangs, *only*, into *my* bosom. For this reason—Sir Alfred—I have preferred seeing you here, to meeting you at home. If discarded, she will never see me more; and, in the belief that I am unworthy

her affections, she will expel me from her heart.'

"Nobly said—proceed, young man, with confidence.

"'One question, Sir Alfred, will decide my fate—Are you content to give your daughter to a man who loves her tenderly?—whose heart is as open as his countenance—pure, and free from reproach?—To a man, who will devote every hour of his life to prove his gratitude, and to win her love?—This, Sir, is the only eulogium I can offer of myself.'

"Modest and amiable!—Your family?

" 'Not rich, Sir, but independent.'

" Your birth?

" 'In that, I am your equal, Sir Alfred—but I trust more to my own deserts, than to those of my ancestors, in aspiring to possess your daughter's hand.'

" Your name?

" 'Permit me to repeat my question. Are you satisfied with the portrait I have offered you of your son-in-law; and, is such a man worthy of your daughter?'

" Why not?.... and still supposing his embarrassment arose from my supe-

rior fortune, I repeated, with a smile—And why not?

"'Reflect a little, Sir Alfred, ere you bind yourself to a promise you might, hereafter, repent. . . . A man of honor never forfeits his word. . . . I would not, therefore, take you by surprise. . . . Have I removed *all* your objections?'

"Yes! . . . all. . . . my daughter's fortune is sufficient for you both; and, if you really possess the virtues you assume, I shall not hesitate to make you happy.

"'Be my name whatever it may?'

. . . .

"A shivering ran, coldly, through my

body. . . . large drops assembled on my forehead. . . . I looked, full, upon the stranger: fear—distrust—and anxiety—were the characteristic features of his countenance.

"You are not—I stammered out—No!—you cannot be—a Fairfax?

"'And if I were'—he replied with dignity—'shall mere sound oppose the happiness of your child, and drive two deserving objects to despair? I am a stranger to all hatreds—I love your daughter—she returns my passion—shall empty sound become the privilege of a parent to make those miserable, whose best happiness it would be to love and honor him?'

"At these words I recoiled, as from the infection of a poisonous adder.

"Begone, young man—I replied with agitation—while I have yet the power to esteem, and to regret you. In one other moment, you will become distorted in my eyes; and I shall *loath* the object, that I *fain* would love—Begone, then, I beseech you.

"'Is this definitive, Sir Alfred?'

"Most assuredly—you *must* have known it, ere you applied to me—the objection is *mutual*.'

"'Mutual—Sir Alfred!—Heaven forbid that Walter Fairfax should ever cherish, in his bosom, one spark of an

hereditary hatred, that soils—yes, Sir Alfred!—*soils,* the honor of two noble families—but such are the powers of prejudice, I confess to you, that I trembled when your daughter disclosed, to me, her name. In truth, I trembled—not for myself—not for Amelia—but for Sir Alfred Drummond!'

"You are presumptuous, boy!—leave me.

"'Your pardon, Sir Alfred, for a little moment longer. The cause I would plead is not a light one: it involves the future peace and welfare of *three* persons. I plead for *your* daughter—for *our* father—for *myself.* Behold the Genius of Humanity now hovering, with extended wings, around us

Look up, Sir Alfred, and contemplate the heavenly vision. Become the humble instrument of Providence in expunging, from the tablet of memory, every painful record; and substitute the loves of Walter and Amelia on the virgin page.'

"I was touched, to the quick, with this manly address; but not with compunction. My heart hardened—and I peremptorily ordered young Fairfax from my presence.

"'I go, Sir Alfred'—said he, with a deep-drawn sigh—'I go—for EVER. Your daughter expects me to-day—account for my absence—as you please.'

"He rang the bell—

" 'Are my servants ready for my journey?'

" 'They wait your orders at the gate, Sir—' was the reply of the waiter.

" My emotions were painfully oppressive. I felt *humiliated* by the *superiority* of a Fairfax, and my hatred encreased with the degrading sentiment. My pride, however, suggested, to me, that I should justify my conduct.

" Young man—said I—be just in your decisions: now hear me—and judge me!......

" Before I was your age, I became

acquainted with an angel in a human form. I loved her.... *loved* her?.... Oh, my God!—injured as I am, how do I love her still. I poured the sub-tile passion on her ear—it wormed its passage to her heart.... she was generous as she was lovely.... She confessed our loves to be mutual.... her friends received me as her husband.... they accompanied us to the altar.........

"'And you were blessed?' interrupted Fairfax.

"Cursed!...... by your father—cursed!.... nor was this all. After robbing me of my wife—he killed the author of my being—I should be a monster to cherish any of his hateful race.

"Walter Fairfax paled at my recital —then resuming the dignity of his manner, he replied:

"'Is it just, that we should be the irreconcileable enemies of human nature, because human nature hath produced a Nero, and a Caligula? My father has done you wrong; and you would, therefore, punish the innocent for the guilty—Oh, Sir Alfred, how much more noble would it be, to accept a son who will replace, with his affection, that which you have lost in a father and a betrothed wife!'

"These words affected me extremely —I should have relented; but the shades of my honored parent, and of my lost wife, whom I, as it were, invoked, ap-

peared to reproach my weakness. I relapsed—but with less severity of tone, replied,

"You are an excellent young man—and I pity you—but my resolution is irrevocable. Bear your misfortune like a man—perhaps—it may not be unsympathised.

"'Be, then, the comforter of your daughter—for *she* will, alas! too feelingly, sympathise in my miseries.—Farewell, Sir Alfred, may *you* never want the mercy, you deny to me!'

"He burst into tears—quitted the room precipitately—and I heard his carriage roll from the door.

"I remained, for a long time, rivetted to the spot where he left me. I had neither power to recal him, or to bear the keen reproaches of my own heart.

"What was to be done?—Amey would eagerly expect me. I wandered up one street, and down another: at length, I determined on the conduct I should pursue.

"At my return, Amey came out to meet me; and taking my hand, tenderly chid my absence.

"I amused her with a fabricated tale of the stranger whom I went to meet, and questioned her, as to her unknown lover.

" This was the *first* act of duplicity, of which I had ever been guilty.

" Amey answered me, that he had not, *yet*, appeared; but assured me that he *would*, in course of the day. Her perfect tranquillity, on the occasion, convinced me that her confidence, in his honor, was absolute. The morning, however, wasted; and no visitor—the evening closed; and Amey became pettish.

" Another fête at the palace—

" Amey accompanied my friends—The company was masked; and Amey's eyes, in vain, perused every figure, that passed, with anxious curiosity. The

company began to separate; but hope supported Amey to the last moment.

"My child, again, came to my chamber: 'My father,'—she said—'some unforeseen accident prevented *him* from coming to us this morning; and, he was *too delicate* to seek a private conversation with me, again, until he should be sanctioned by your approval. He will be *sure* to be here early to-morrow.'

"The next day passed—a third—a fourth—a week—and we took leave of Stutgard. Masquerades, balls, illuminations, and fire-works, had no longer any charms with Amey. She told me they recalled painful sensations, and

prayed me to hasten our return to England.

"I obeyed—admiring the philosophy of my child—felicitating myself on the success of my dissimulation—and anticipating her happiness in another, though, perhaps, less desired, union.

"But Amey's sufferings, though silent, were acute.

"After we had been at home some weeks, perceiving that she still nourished the fatal remembrance of the stranger, in her heart; and fearing the effect of grief so cherished—I ventured to name the subject.

"Amey arose—hid her face on my bosom; and wept aloud.

" By every tender consolation, I would have restored her to composure—but she looked at me, so piteously,—with an air, so upbraiding, as I thought,—that I soon became as much in need of consolation as herself.

" ' My father'—said the dear innocent—' why this anguish on your brow?—'tis your Amelia who is faulty—your heart is free from, even, the slightest foible. I will bear my lot with fortitude; but you, my father, who are all virtue, must teach your daughter the heroic task.'

" The words of Walter rushed on my mind, to give new gall to this unconscious reproach. I *did* want the mercy I had denied to him; and a Fairfax, *again*, triumphed!

"It was necessary, however, to become a daring villain in the school of dissimulation: I was too far gone to recede—

"Could you then suppose, my Amey, that I beheld your sufferings without partaking in every pang that rends your bosom? But you must cease to foster a sentiment which has no existence but in fancy.

"She pressed my neck, more closely, with her arm—her head sunk, deeper, on my heart—and a lengthened groan probed me to the very soul.

"'Alas, my father,—thus deceived! —who may I, hereafter, trust?..... YOU'—embracing me—'and *only* YOU.'

" What would I have given for the restoration of my own innocence—but a Fairfax!—To the ideas that hateful name always associated in my mind, I was indebted for the only relief my conscience would allow me.

" Amey, now, accustomed herself to sit all day at a bow window that opened on the lawn; from whence, she had a view, through the shrubbery, of the great gates. The noise of wheels, or the sound of horses' feet, electrified her with impatience—then, in her disappointed hopes, she relapsed with pensive melancholy—again reclined her cheek upon her hand—supporting her arm upon her knee—with downcast eyes.

" At length she asked me, one morn-

ing, to indulge her with a walk. During our ramble, she appeared to be more at ease—endeavoured to smile—but I saw it was forced.

"'Tell me, my father, has *he* not deceived me?—*cruelly* deceived me? *he* discovered the naïveté of my opinions—my enthusiastic nature—it was a novelty, perhaps, to a man of the world; —*he* sought a *momentary* gratification in developing the simplicities of my character; and now, doubtlessly, laughs at my infantine credulity. You told me, my father, that an accomplished dissembler could put on this garb of virtue— . . alas, it is too true!'

"I could not avoid defending the unhappy Walter. In defiance of preju-

dice, I could not refuse him my esteem—nor could I bear to hear him, thus unjustly, vilified.

"I rather believe, my love—was my reply—that his want of rank, in life, threw obstacles in his way; and that he thought it more honorable to fly, than to persist in gaining your affections, under hopeless circumstances. A youth—such as *you* described—could not be a villain.

"'I thought so—ONCE—my father .... but what had he to fear? I told him how you loved me; and that you were the most indulgent of parents. Had he come—all would have been well! had you *but* seen him, my father, —heard him!—his celestial counte-

nance confirming the eloquence of his speech. . . . . . But, no!—My father did *not* hear him—did *not* see him—hence my unavailing sorrows.'

"I was so overcome, by remorse, that I was on the point of disclosing every thing. But I feared the power of her tears: I trembled for the ascendancy she would have over my feelings; and hatred—once more—diabolical hatred!—barred the fulfilment of my virtuous wishes. Besides—I depended, much, on the operations of self-love. Amey *saw* herself abused in the tenderest point. She *felt* that the object of her love was unworthy her regard. Time would restore her former peace of mind.

"In this way, Amelia, almost daily, planted daggers in my heart. At one time, she would accuse him, to me, with the bitterness of reproach—at another, defend him, with the tenderest anxiety. What a confidence for me—sole cause of all her sufferings!

"But Heaven would not permit the hypocrite to go unpunished—one evening, when she was inveighing, with even more than her usual emotion, on the perfidy of betraying the ingenuous candor of an unsuspecting heart, and consigning it to eternal misery—she concluded, by a strong appeal to my passions to confirm the sentiment.

"Thrown off my guard by the ve-

hemence of her manner, and softened by her distress—I, madly, exclaimed,

"No, my best love. . . . he is the noblest—the most generous. . . . .

"'Oh my father!'—rushing into my arms—'*You have seen him.*'

"It was, in vain, that I attempted, any longer, to deceive her. She recalled my attention to the stranger, whom I visited at Stutgard; and asked me the name of that unknown friend. Forgetting the name I had, then, fabricated—I, confusedly, gave her some other, and Amey was confirmed.

"From this hour, she ceased to open her lips, to me, on the subject; and I

began to hope she was cured of her affliction; but alas! esteem, now, nourished her, heretofore, doubtful passion; and love—in full empire—reigned throughout her heart.

"The solitude of the park—or the rippling of the distant brook—became objects, though unknown to me, of her midnight rambles. She would call on the stars to witness the constancy of her passion; or invoke the chaste Luna to bless it with fulfilment. These tender flights of fancy, opposed to our conversations—too fatally, alas! divested of mutual confidence—gave us an air of constraint, with each other, that made our meetings irksome in the extreme.

"In this position of affairs, we were

visited by my brother and Louisa, lately returned from a Continental excursion. They both perceived the languor and paleness of my Amey's altered person, and besought me to suffer her to accompany them to London. I thought the diversions of the metropolis would amuse her; and consented to her absence. A few months before, neither of us would have consented to this separation; but the bond of harmony, that *had* united us, was broken. We ceased to be, to each other, that which we had been.

"Louisa and Amelia were, however, as opposite as any two extremes could be. The former was never happy, except when surrounded by a train of flatterers. The latter delighted in the charms of retirement. Louisa had ta-

lents to surprise—beauty to enslave—ambition to command. Amelia had chiefly cultivated the talent to please—Her's, was retired beauty—and ambition ,was a stranger to her bosom.

"Louisa was more the sovereign, than the daughter, of her father. She was absolute mistress of his fortune—ranged, at her will, from county to county—directed his improvements—regulated his tenantry. My brother was passionately fond of rural sports, and submitted every thing to her management.

"From town, they passed two months at Weymouth—Autumn approached, and Louisa, fatigued with the sameness of high life, proposed accom-

panying my brother to a sporting lodge, he had built in a retired spot famous for shooting.

"They arrived a few days previously to the first of September. Amelia found this little retreat delightful. The cottage surmounted a hill, commanding the most picturesque plain, intersected with a beautifully serpentine river.

"'I am perfectly enchanted'—said Amelia.

"'I am horribly bored'—answered Louisa.

"At the end of a fortnight it was settled, that Louisa should make her tour of their estates, which she had not

visited since her return from the Continent. The arrangements were made, and my niece departed with the retinue of a prince.

"In the morning, early, my brother mounted his poney; and accompanied by his dogs, and his gun, pursued the amusement of the season. Amey tied on her gipsey bonnet, and rambled with a favorite poet, into a small neighbouring wood, laid out in gravel walks, and ornamented with garden chairs.

"One beautiful autumnal evening, when the full ardor of the sun was partially eclipsed, by the light shadows of the passing clouds—mantling the earth with softened brilliancy; Amey, seduced by the mild beauties of the

atmosphere, strayed beyond her accustomed bounds: a winding, narrow, path led into the vale beneath: the rays of the departing sun played upon the unruffled stream—she pursued its wild meanderings, till a sharp angle brought her immediately opposite to a neat white cottage, bosomed in the embraces of the woodbine and the honey-suckle. A closely cropped quickset hedge fenced it around; and a circular grass plot divided it from the river's bank.

"Amey paused to contemplate this object of singular neatness; and, *to her*, impressive interest.

"Not to dwell—on what the world would call an incident for romance—but which I view as the interposition of

Providence; whose all-seeing eye pervades, at one glance, the almost boundless universe, and makes his creatures the object of HIS will; not their own—I hasten to announce, that this was the seclusion of Walter Fairfax: chosen, by him, for the solitary indulgence of his woes, and *accidentally* proving the source of unlooked-for happiness.

"It is easy to imagine the surprise and joy with which the lovers saluted each other. Walter pressed Amey's unresisting hand to his ardent lips: their mutual feelings were impassioned; yet chastened.

"The explanation, now, took place, that I had so eagerly evaded: and Amey discovered, that SHE was to be the

victim, I immolated, to vengeance and to hatred.

"Their interviews were repeated daily. Amey was too ingenuous to conceal what her sufferings had been at his supposed inconstancy. Walter perpetually assured her of his love—She, as constantly, pledged him her own.

"'Amey—my beloved Amey'. . said the enraptured Walter—'I bought this little spot for my *grave*; but you have made it my *Paradise*.'. . . . And when he doubted my consent to their union, she ridiculed his want of faith, and told him—smiling with confidence as she spoke—'that I never had denied her any thing.'

"The illusions of hope are beautiful as they are deceptive! The enamoured Walter received, as gospel, the promises of Amey, which she was impatient to attest with my confirmation. From her uncle, these meetings were, most carefully, concealed; she well knew the extent of his hatred, but she could not leave him till her cousin returned; nor would she trust the question to a letter. Nature, in this instance, had made Amey a General. She thought, in taking my feelings by storm, the citadel of the heart would soon surrender, and insure, to her, the object of our tender warfare.

"My brother was delighted with the improvement in my daughter's health.

"'Your father confines you too much, my love: here, you range the country with the freedom of a bounding fawn, and health is the reward of exercise.'

"'Oh, yes,—my dear uncle—this little excursion has done me *so much* good, it is quite surprising.'

"Her uncle told her, they would prolong their stay. Toward the close of October, Louisa returned; when, the days growing short, and the weather foggy, they returned to London.

"Most persons are disposed to ridicule the idea of Platonic love; but the union, between two virtuous hearts,

never exceeds the limits of purity. In this seclusion, calculated to awaken every tender sentiment; and equally calculated for their indulgence; Walter and Amey enjoyed their daily tête-à-tête. Happy in the presence of each other, Walter *dreamt* not of the advantages with which Love had tempted him: and Amey, delighted in their reciprocal vows of constancy and truth, *felt* not the dangers that encompassed her. The instinct of virtue, and of modesty, corrected the ardor of her feelings, and chastity presided over their blissful intercourse.

"Impatient to see my child, I travelled up to town to meet her. How was I charmed with her improved ap-

pearance — her ruddy cheeks — her laughing eyes—and the air of contentment that played about her features!

"As soon as we were alone—she told me her whole secret. . . . .

"A chill ran through my veins at the recital: I regarded Amelia with a sternness she had never before witnessed.

"Tremble—imprudent girl—for the consequences that may follow your ill-timed preference. Should I ever be so unfortunate as to encounter the presence of a Fairfax, in the character of your lover, one of us *must instantly perish.* Tell me, then, perverse child!. . . which of us would you immolate to save the other?. . . Would you wade through

your father's blood to your nuptial chamber?

"There was no necessity for me to load her with more reproach. . . . She trembled—her eyes dimmed—a paleness overspread her cheek—and she fell—senseless—at my feet.

"This was more than I could bear: I knelt by her side—pressed her cold hand to my heart—I invoked her gentle spirit to reanimate its lovely mansion—I recalled the color to her vivid lips by the fervor of my kisses. . . . . . But when her supplicating eyes, again, opened upon me—so far from being moved with *her* distress, I remembered that a Fairfax was the author of *mine*, in the *then* sufferings of my child; and all the

tenderness of my nature was, again, frozen by the sternness of my hatred. I, however, pressed my Amey tenderly to my heart, assuring her, the evil I had described, *could* never happen, because we would never meet: adding. . . . .

"Believe me—my ever darling child—there is a fatality in your destiny, no human power can avert—but sympathy may assuage its severity. Repose on the bosom of your father: let his agitated heart cradle your sorrows: he will partake them—heave sigh for sigh with you—but that is all. . . . The Fairfaxes have entombed all my earthly joys—save only you—do not add fuel to my implacable resentment. Look up, my child, and behold the portrait of your loves.

"Disowned by your own family; rejected by his—the curses of both houses, not only following your unnatural union; but pursuing your ill-starred offspring. Your father, whom your tears had softened into a degenerate compliance, separated from *you*; and shunned, as a pestilence, by all his relations!. . . . . . Speak, Amey, have you courage to support this picture?

"She only answered by her tears—I thought it best to remove all hope, at once, and added:. . . . . .

"Hitherto, I have *never* refused you any thing—but my honor—your honor—the family honor—command me to be firm. Nor tears—nor entreaties—nor declining health—No. . . . . . nor

the yawning tomb. . . . . . can alter my resolves—so help me Heaven ! . . . . . I hurried from the room, and ordered her attendants to her presence.

"A few days after, Amey brought me a letter, which she had written to her lover; and, praying me to send it, if I approved it—left me.

"What a task did she assign me! This letter contained a faithful detail of her conversation with me—my resolves—and her determination to obey them: 'her love'—she said—'would only cease with her life—but her duty was a superior claim which forbade its indulgence.'—She concluded, with a painful farewell.

" Walter's reply was short—he merely recalled her memory to the valley—scenes never to be effaced from his mind! —scenes too big, with happiness, to have endured longer!—he yielded to his fate.

" The winter passed, without Amey's having revived the subject; and I began to hope her good sense, and strong attachment to me, would point out the necessity of her relinquishing her romantic passion: but my surprise was not less than my indignation, when she led me, one morning to a bower, in the shrubbery of our Cornwall residence—built by herself during her happy youth—and presented, to me, the figure of Walter Fairfax.

"'A little patience I entreat, my father, ere you condemn this action with unmerited severity. Till this moment, I have preserved my faith, with you, unsullied; but I could not rest till I had, once more, conversed with Walter. Be witness to the consummation of my wishes.'

"Walter and myself were both silent with astonihment. Amey advanced toward him—took his hand, and pressed it to her heart.

"'Walter'—said she—'will you accept my faith?'—He could not speak; but clasped her in his arms: she returned the passionate embrace: then, both addressing their vows to Heaven—they

pledged their mutual faith—turning to me. . . . . .

" ' My father, you have heard my irrevocable promise to Walter: now, hear, those, equally solemn, which I make to you. Never will I see my *husband* again, without your sanction, or in your presence—Walter! farewell'—

" She took my arm—led me from the bower; and I saw Walter riding, slowly away, along the high-road.

" Instead of reading the greatness of my daughter's mind in this transaction, I became suspicious—I watched her—broke rudely upon her privacy—exa-

mined her drawers—and committed numberless similar, but degrading, extravagancies. Amey never complained at this treatment; contenting herself, by correcting, with a smile of conscious dignity, this undeserved severity.

" Soon after this event—which some meddling fool, in the character of a friend, communicated to my brother—he came down post, with foaming horses, to upbraid me.

" He had been told, that my daughter was on the eve of marriage with a Fairfax; and, that I was privy to their clandestine meetings: he, also, by some means, learnt; that their first interview was at the Ducal Palace of Stutgard.

"Nothing could exceed his frenzy, when I went out to meet him, unconscious of the purport of his unexpected visit. He upbraided me, without the least delicacy, or reserve; and swore, that neither of us should survive the disgrace of so *unnatural* a connexion.

"When he became calm from exhausted rage—he explained the business with more method; and offered to my distracted contemplation, a mirror I shuddered to look at.

"'What'—he continued—'shall the name of Drummond, which ranks, in antiquity, with the proudest titles of the realm, be lost through the rottenness of one foul branch, that would disgrace the

noble trunk?—No, by Heaven, this arm shall avert the evil, by lopping off *that branch*, ere it accomplishes its mischief. You are not worthy your birth—The last male descendant!—oh, 'tis too much!—sacrificing the honors of his house to the whinings of a sentimental doll; who, by a stream of romantic tears, dupes her weak father to his eternal ruin. Have you eyes, and will not see?—Must you be told, that this is all a plot, concerted by the damnable policy of the infernal Fairfaxes? That, this Adonis was commissioned to follow you to Stutgard, and to *fall in love* with your pretty, sighing, baby? That, not content with depriving you of your father—robbing you of your wife—they will complete their triumph, by branding your daughter with dishonor, and

revelling in the fortunes of your ancestors? To this *injury*, will be added their *insults*—and the vile taunts, of the still viler crew, will pursue you—*unpitied!*—to the grave.'

"This unfeeling speech agonised me at every pore. I really believe my distorted hair bristled on my head. To these reproaches, were added those of my other relations, who besieged me with their clamorous eloquence, without respite, or mercy.

"Worked up to madness by the combination of insupportable feeling—and attributing *every evil* of my life—*past*—*present*—and *to come*—to the accursed operations of the Fairfaxes—I was, no longer, master of my thoughts

or actions. Incoherent in my resolves—unsteady in my conduct—hating with redoubled force—I consented, in an evil hour, to consign my poor child to the guardianship of her uncle.

"From that day, I have been a stranger to peace: the first *new* object of horror, that assailed me, was the death of my brother, who lost his life at a fox chase.

"By this melancholy accident, my fortunes were considerably increased; although Louisa still possessed a principality. Two odd aunts of mine—residing in the neighbourhood—received the girls under their protection, and I prepared to join them, and consult on their future establishment.

"The day of my departure arrived—and I set off, with a sort of foreboding I could not chace from my mind—still I felt impatient to see my child—I proposed to repay her, with redoubled tenderness, for the unkindness I had lately offered her: my heart *longed* to feel the pressure of her's—my arms, mechanically, opened to receive her. In the midst of this painfully pleasing reverie, my carriage was stopped; and one of my late brother's grooms rode up to the window.

"I eagerly asked twenty questions, about Amey—about Louisa—about my Aunts—I did not, in my impatience, perceive, that the man hesitated—stammered—

"Terrified, when I made this discovery, I gazed on the poor fellow, who cast down his eyes. At length, I, peremptorily, ordered him to speak out.

"I sicken even now—although eight years have, since, dragged on their uncheering course—at the recollection of what I suffered at that horrible moment.

"Amelia was flown—flown with Walter Fairfax! It was known, that he had been seen, disguised, in the neighbourhood—and they were traced to Yarmouth, where they took shipping.

"Tortured by my own mind!—deserted by my daughter!—deceived by my niece!—reprobated by my family!—

stabbed by my enemy!—what more could ill-fate do? It was enough to bow the sturdiest man, with sorrow, to the grave—yet I survived the mighty ruin.

"To pursue my tale.

"I continued my journey, and arrived, next day, at my Aunts', where I was received, by the weeping and disconsolate inmates, with renewed reproaches. I was accused with having encouraged Amey to the step she had taken—I was supposed to be privy to her flight—but I heeded not the virulence of their invective. Instead of feeling for me as a father—they sacrificed all personal sentiment to family vengeance.

"I visited my daughter's room—her clothes were packed in her drawers—nothing was removed—her trinkets were in her jewel case—all, *except my picture!* I was softened by this proof of filial love: I wept—

"But oh, how bitter are those tears which mingle repentance with affection, and add regret to sorrow!

"There were moments when I accused myself as the author of my daughter's disgrace. I had placed an insuperable bar between her and happiness—I had driven her from my paternal roof—I had forced her to become an outcast!

"Unable to support the stings of

reflection, I endeavoured to avert it by action. Amey's writing-desk stood upon the table—unlocked: I raised the lid, and beheld a letter addressed to myself. With trembling hands, I broke the seal —and, with a palpitating heart, read, as follows:

" 'How delightful were those days, my father, when your Amey's heart—a stranger to disguise in any form—disclosed, to you, its every emotion!—when, mutual confidence gave us mutual happiness!—when we met, with rapture, in the morning; and parted, with regret, at night!

" 'Alas! how changed the scene—it appears, to me, like the delusion of a dream; when I say to myself—' My

father gave me up with pleasure—and I parted from him without pain.' Distrust has begotten dissimulation, my father, for thy Amey—the adored child of thy bosom—left thee, to deceive thee. And yet, my heart is not changed; or rather, it is divided into *two* hearts: *one*, that fondly cherishes the adored author of my being; *another*, that, as fondly, dwells on the virtues of a husband.

" 'Adored objects of all my tenderest wishes! why are ye, thus, separable! why cannot I unite ye, both, in friendship and affection?—clasp ye, at the same moment, within mine happy arms?—live with ye?—die with ye?

" 'But the union of duty and love, *You*, my father, have made irreconcile-

able. Virtue shrinks from the touch of virtue; and prejudice sunders two souls, congenial in honor, and formed to be united. Oh, that I were permitted to be the bond of such an union!—

" 'Hatred! Hatred! how destructive is thy power!—how absolute thy influence!

" 'My father, accuse not your child with disobedience to the promise she, voluntarily, made you. That promise, my father, so solemnly given, and so sacredly preserved—YOU have restored to me. Exiled from my parental roof—my every footstep watched—upbraided with errors I never committed, even in thought—renounced!...... To whom could I fly for refuge?

" 'To him who will never misinterpret my thoughts; but supply, with his individual confidence, that of my whole family.

" 'My cousin tells me, that the strings of the heart, may, like the strings of the lute, be reduced to science; and that a skilful practitioner may, always, draw harmony from them, by pressing, with judgment, on the right chords.

" '*Sympathy* may do much—but *Art* nothing.

" 'Farewell, my father,—I am the *wife* of Walter—Oh, do not curse your child!

'AMELIA.'

"The next morning I was discovered to be in a high fever—for many days my life was despaired of—but I was restored to *never-ceasing* agonies.

"As soon as my weakened frame gained strength to support the tidings, I was informed, that my unhappy children, dreading to be overtaken, hired a small vessel, and put to sea, the moment they arrived at Yarmouth.

"The little sloop was bound to Cuxhaven; but never reached her port—The night was stormy!—the day dawned on the floating wreck!—my children perished!.... Yes, *my children*! for I would have followed them!—would have forgiven them!—would have blest them!

"Again, I went abroad; and on my tour, returned by way of Paris, where I had some money concerns to settle with my banker; and there, became acquainted with the character of Madame de St. Amand.

"Since my return to England, I have moved from place to place in search of peace: but Conscience opposes my every effort: I wander, like another Cain, with MURDERER written on my forehead—and my *hereditary* hatred—encreased by *personal* suffering—is grown into a Monster that preys upon my very vitals. I shun society—lest society should shun me. I carry about a scorpion in my bosom, whose sting would infect all who approached me—and though I *hate* the world *much*, I

hate myself infinitely *more*. Hence my habitual silence: and the only spark of humanity, to which I have been sensible since the loss of my son and daughter, *You* have lighted up in my bosom. I beheld your ingenuous nature verging toward the quick-sands of beauty and temptation—I would have saved you—in part, I have saved you—noble youth!—farewell, FOR EVER.

"ALFRED DRUMMOND."

No *general* comment *ought* to follow such a tale as this. It contains an appeal, from affliction to sensibility, that must be, *individually*, felt, to be understood: to all others, my moral would be unintelligible.

The birth-day passed, the Metropo-

lis inundates; and Bond-street—which has suffered the temporary sterility of an arid season—like the parched plains of Egypt, derives succor and support from the rich overflowings of an invigorating Nile.

These springs, of general action, have various sources: a duchess—for instance—quits her beautiful retirement, and the trout stream of her rural lodge, to outrival a rival in the racketting of splendid entertainments; and, to angle, *in town*, for *dukes*. The young heir quits the gloomy mansion of his ancestors, two hundred miles off—and gallops up to London, impatient to lead—to shine—to dazzle; and loses half of his estate, at hazard, ere the varnish, on his father's hatchment, has lost its lustre. The dashing widow seeks the

metropolis to shew how weeds set off her beauty—to sport her figure at the opera—to be the buz of a party—and the attraction of the winter. Dowagers, of seventy, mingle with the gayest of the throng, to select *young* objects for the exercise of their benevolence—among the men—And bachelors, of the same age, to shew their liberality—among the women.

Thus, whether the spring flows from the source of, ambition—folly—coquetry—appetite—or otherwise, it flows into the stream of dissipation, and fertilizes the soil it crosses, in its transient passage.

Every winter has its attribute. The order of the day, this winter, is "*The Miseries of Human Life.*" Every per-

son, of fashion, studies *fancied* evils; and they are detailed all over the town ...... for example:

" A fair novelist *steals* a popular romance into her bed-room, which she determines to sit up half the night to devour. The secret pannel has just admitted the hero, at the midnight hour—the heroine, aroused from sleep, and absorbed in all the terrors of invaded privacy: thief in the candle—in her extreme hurry to remove the intruder—snuffs out the light: no tinder box—servants all gone to bed.

" A sprig of fashion walking along the ride in Hyde Park—an elegante on either arm: day piercingly cold: hard frost: nipping air: no pocket handkerchief—dewdrops, from his nose,

fancifully impearl his chin, and form transparent icicles on his cravat—not sufficiently intimate to declare his distress: ladies, politely, quizzing him.

"Pushing for the pit at the little theatre, in the dog days, with two country cousins, whom you are ashamed to take into the boxes: crowded night: reach the money door half à-la-moded: pockets all picked: no advance: no retreat: Miss Sukey lamenting her lost hat and feather: Miss Jenny bewailing her red morocco slipper.

"Walking, in the gardens, on a remarkably fine summer's day—elegantly dressed in cobweb muslin—a shower and a scamper—reach Hyde Park dripping: clouds passed, and the sun reigning in all its splendor—not a

carriage to be had—cits gaping—canaille grinning—clothes sticking—mud splashing.

"Writing a novel—dedicating it to a duchess—pawning your two ruffled shirts to pay for superb binding: her grace monstrously obliged—and monstrously flattered: starving three weeks on expectation—three more on doubt—Her Grace too well bred to *offend* a gentleman by an offer of her purse.

"A beau invited to dine with a large party of fashionables—takes a jarvey—entering crouded drawing room, discovers, to his excessive mortification, that the seat of the carriage was both damp and dirty: dressed in white cassimere—coat cut away in the skirts—large brown patch behind—obliged

to bow round the circle. Every body quizzing."

Cœtera desunt.

The papers teemed with Henry's adventure: the Marchioness was, secretly, delighted with it; while poor Lady Harriet bedewed the tale with many a tear.

"Henry a rake!...... Henry a gambler!...... she would tear him from her bosom, unworthy as he proved himself to hold his empire there."

In the mean time, Lord Sommers made open overtures, to the Marquis, for the hand of Lady Harriet; which the Marquis received most graciously; merely premising, to his noble friend, that his Harriet was so little accustomed

to the world—so little fledged from the modesty of retirement—that his Lordship must not expect to find her as easy of access as a London belle, who had, already, passed two or three *unblushing* winters in town—He counselled him, "to win her and to wear her."

My Lord Sommers was piqued—the "veni, vidi, vici"—was his motto; and he could not conceive how a rustic, though titled, should *doubt*; when the man—whom no woman had ever been able to refuse—condescended to tuck himself up, with her, for life.

One little anecdote may serve, instead of a regular history, to represent this nobleman to the reader, such as he really was.

A very beautiful young creature, of affluent parents, had, the year before, united her fate to a brother peer—his countryman. She crossed the water with her husband; and Lord Sommers saw her shortly after, at a party, pursued her to a ball, danced with her, and was *content*.

"I will bet any man a thousand guineas"—said his Lordship, next morning, in a circle of fashionables—"that I have *an affair* with Lady C——— before this day month—aye, and prove it too."

The bet was accepted—and, in a fortnight, claimed: the proof was established by arbitration: the money pocketed: the lady divorced: and Lord Sommers was confessed to be, "a

damned fine fellow"—among the men—and " a grand Turk"—among the women.

Most of my female readers will know, what the *opinion*, of the elegant Lady Mary Wortly Montague, was of a GRAND TURK! and it is as well known, that elegant, and well educated, young ladies, in the highest circles, not only *palliate* the *vices* of our sex; but *convert* them into *fashionable* virtues.

Henry recoiled, from the possibility, that *such* a man might become the husband of *such* a woman.

" Pray, my dear"—said Lady Lucy to her sister, as they strolled, arm in arm, round the bason in the Green

Park—" Pray, my dear, have you observed how *grave* Henry is become of late?"

" Not I, indeed"—answered Lady Harriet—" I hate a profligate."

" Henry is a young offender, Harriet—and may be taken on his *future* good behaviour."

" Indeed!. . . Lady Lucy Milton the advocate of immorality? Pardon me, my sister, but feminine graces can only ornament feminine opinions."

" I could almost find in my heart to punish your insincerity, Harriet—by acquiescing in your prudery: but I am in good spirits, and will not be pouted.

Therefore I tell you, that it is feminine—aye, and charitable too—to discriminate between the errors of the *head*, and those of the *heart*. Henry has erred, by *accident*, Lord Sommers errs, from *principle*."

"And what is Lord Sommers to me?"

"Poor Harriet!—do not deceive yourself, my love; Lord Sommers will be offered to you, by my father, depend on it—or I have no skill in physiognomy."

"If he were, I should refuse him."

"In defiance of parental commands?"

"Most assuredly—my father has every right to controul an improper attachment—but none, either by nature, or by law, to sacrifice his daughter. We do not live in the days of Iphigenia."

"Upon my life, I applaud your spirit. Well done meekness—*You*, are the girl to get over the course, I see. . . ." laughing—"But if Henry were the altar—would you, then, reprove the Agamemnon-like severity?"

"You delight in teasing me, Lucy!"

"Well, then—a pretty dear! she sha'nt be teazed—but be a good girl, and I will shew your *two* future husbands in my magic lanthorn."

"First--my Lord!—prerogative before merit. With a person to *strike* ; but not to *please* : talents to *shine* ; but not to *warm* : proud, captious, vain, overbearing, rude—he would make you his property —'his goods, his chattels, his horse, his ass, his any thing.'—He would drown the melody of your harp with the yelpings of a favorite pointer or setter : he would fly from the charm of your conversation to the *superior* charm of the racing kalendar: he would expose you to the villany of his friends, while he pursued the caprices of an opera dancer; and think himself recompensed, in your frailty, by the magnitude of his damages—Nay, tempt your ruin, by *selling* you to the first rake of fashion, who would come up to his price.

Lady Harriet shuddered!... "Where could you have imbibed opinions, of mankind, so derogatory to human nature? Opinions that—realized—would stigmatize the Northern savage."

"From reading and observation, my love, assisted by the worldly experience of Mrs. Russell. Much may be learnt in the nursery, believe me.... But to Henry—

"The elegance, and delicacy, of his mind are visible in his person: sense and virtue beam on his ingenuous countenance: your union would prove a fair exchange of hearts: he would imbibe affection from your caresses—taste from your conversation—urbanity from the commerce of your society—mutual love

from your example! Your home would be the temple of his idolatry—yourself, the goddess of his worship. The character of a mother would enhance the value of the wife: you would have nothing to wish. Succeeding years would bloom with renovated happiness; till Time—mellowing the ardors of youthful love—confirmed the empire of friendship and esteem."

"Delusive flatterer!". . . . sighed Lady Harriet—"how you tempt me to sin. . . Heigho!. . . . I really believe, after all, I *must* love Henry; and they say, 'Whatever is, is right.'"

Extremes, alternate, fill the maiden's breast,
In fear, she's wretched---or, in hope, she's blest:
This, loads the mind with every fancied ill,
That, gives the balm, which love hath taught to heal.

"You are not a *difficult* convert I perceive."

"I should like dearly"—said Lady Harriet, who had been musing—"to see this Madame de St. Amand. They say she is a very Circe of attraction."

"Whether or not"—answered Lady Lucy—"the spell is certainly broken—or, as Sancho would say—'No more pears out of that pot.' The creature never can shew herself, again, in England."

"She was, I think, the bosom friend of Mrs. Hamlyn?"

"Yes—my love—but you will always find these *great geniuses*—who affect

to act differently from other people—undertake more than they are able to manage. Like the rash helmsman, who rejects the established track upon his charts—they founder, ere they make their port."

"Did you ever know so great a contrast between two sisters, as in Mrs. Hamlyn, and our dear Marchioness?—The one so depraved—the other so invaluable—and yet, I wonder that my father, who is pleased with superficial charms, did not prefer the former; for she is, assuredly, the most *striking* beauty."

"But our dear Marchioness—Harriet—is so infinitely captivating in her

manners. Were I a man, I should chuse as my father has done.... But I am really sorry for her—she could make herself so pleasant and agreeable. Well—I believe, after all, that, 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

The lovely sisters were within a few paces of their own door.

"Mum!".... said Lady Harriet.

"Mum!".... echoed Lady Lucy.

And laughingly, and lovingly, they both tripped, through the hall, into the breakfast parlor.

"My dear girls"—said the Marchio-

ness—"you have taken too long a walk this morning. We waited breakfast for you."

"Look at their cheeks, Lady Derry—did you ever see *such* rouge come from the Palais Royale, at five guineas the pot?. . . . But it will all run away when they are married; they, then, will learn to lie in bed till noon—as your ladyship does—and supply the bloom of Nature with Warren's bloom of roses."

"Extremely gallant, indeed, my Lord!. . . . Your breeding is as antique as your peerage; and you are so good as to think *one* an apology for the *other*. All the female world, however, my Lord—if fame says true—do not find you so

little versed in Chesterfield. Women expect civil things—even at the expense of truth."

"I know it—and when they are inflated, like air-balloons, they soar beyond their element—burst—and their value is limited to the price of their outward garments."

"The young ladies had better retire—my Lord."—turning. . . . .

"My dears, will you ring for breakfast in your dressing room?"

"Stay!". . . . exclaimed the Marquis, retaining Lady Lucy's arm.

"I have been taught to obey, my

Lord, without violence"—replied Lady Lucy, with dignity.

"I meant not to be violent, my children—be seated."

It was evident that something had ruffled the temper of the Marquis—but his ill humor went off; and the party separated, after breakfast, with some degree of cordiality.

A concert, patronised by ladies of the first distinction, was announced at Willis's Rooms. During a beautiful symphony—"Haydn"—the room was thrown into confusion, by the very unexpected entrée of Madame de St. Amand; followed by a train of foreigners. She took a seat—and, at the mo-

ment—as if by one common, preconcerted, consent, every other individual arose to vacate the form. All her Parisian airs and graces were insufficient to support her under so public a mortification. She retired, with her train.

Going down stairs, they met a lovely young votary of fashion coming up; with whom, Madame de St. Amand *had* been, personally, acquainted.

"Your Ladyship cannot get in"—said Madame de St. Amand.

"Not get in?—I am a subscriber."

"Very true—but these rooms are *newly* regulated—pour ce soir—on n'y reçoit pas des putains."

Her Ladyship trembled—but her reputation was on the cast of a die—she adventured!—and was well received.

For the better understanding of this *réponse picquante*, take the following anecdote.

The lady, in question, is as remarkable for her absence of mind, as for her beauty; insomuch, that being engaged, about six weeks before, in a *sentimental* ramble, with a gay aid de camp, in the grove at the back of Kensington Gardens, she mistook the gallant soldier for her sposo—the grove for her ruelle—and the leafless trees for a canopied couch. But the old gardener—from whose hut these trees formed several vistas—in casting his eyes along the

unclothed branches, beheld the unclothed.... ....

It was the whisper of a day; but as my Lord did not complain—why should any body else?

Spring was just beginning to usher in the beauties of an awakened creation, and Lord Sommers had been, teazingly, particular with Lady Harriet; but the Marquis, was, as yet, silent as to his pretensions. The thing, however, was sufficiently clear; and the united genius of Ladies Lucy and Harriet had planned a *firm*, but *modest*, resistance. They entered into a treaty of alliance, and resolved to support each other.

Henry—all the time—had done every

thing, *but* tell his love. At length—knowing that they often innocently rambled the sequestered alleys of Kensington Gardens, before breakfast; and, thanking God that the footman must wait, at the gate, for their return—he resolved to risk every thing by a declaration. Not, that he was, altogether, prompted by a selfish motive: there was a delicacy, in his passion, which would have resisted that solitary impulse: but when love is fanned by hope—and hope involves another's happiness—diffidence gives place to exertion.

Our hero had taken an unsuccessful stroll for several mornings—at last, the propitious moment conducted him to his wishes. He met the laidies—pàr hazard—and joined them.

"Bless me"...... cried Lady Lucy, after a little common-place chat—"I really believe I have sprained my ankle. Do you and Mr. Torrid—Harriet—walk to the green-house and back, while I rest me on the stump of this old tree."

This was taking Lady Harriet, so completely by surprise, she had not even the choice of resisting.

They walked on—looking on the ground—the one quite as simple as the other—and both as simple as Simon, when he first beheld the beauteous Iphigene.

"Lady Harriet...... I have long

sought. . . . . . I have long wished. . . . it has been an object". . . . . . pauses. . . .

"Sir!". . . . .

"Lady Harriet!". . . . .

"I beg your pardon—Mr. Torrid—I thought you had spoken?"

"Spoken—Lady Harriet—Oh, if the eloquence of my heart could give utterance to speech, I should found a language so pure—so energetic—so comprehensive—that you would, no longer, misunderstand me."

"You take an ungenerous advantage of my sister's accident, Mr. Torrid:

From *you*, I should not have expected this treatment."

"From me, Lady Harriet, you never should have heard a syllable, to offend, had you been *left*, happy, in a single state—But...... pray pardon the irresistible impulse of the sentiment...... Lord Sommers?......"

"Never can be any thing to me, Sir!"

"My zeal—Lady Harriet—is pure as it is sincere: I may *never* find another opportunity to disclose my sentiments to you. Oh, then, in justice, suffer my situation to excuse my temerity."

Lady Harriet—little qualified—and less prepared—to guard her heart against the seductions of love, thus delicately insinuating—was content to gaze upon the grand walk—She made no reply.

Henry—emboldened by the tenderness, modestly disclosed in the clear, liquid, expressions, of her mild blue eyes—raised her hand to his lips—then pressed it to his heart.

" This hand—ever adorable Lady Harriet—would constitute the happiness of my life !"

The rhapsodies of love are pleasing to the enamoured ear; but little calculated

to meet the cold, unfeeling, rules of criticism.

When Henry pressed the hand of Lady Harriet, it was not with a triumphant grasp—No!—the movement was soft—gentle—irresistible! It conveyed *to* the heart, an emotion of thrilling tenderness—devoid of gallantry—flowing *from* the heart—both were, again, silent.

There are, at moments, transitory emotions of the soul—so finely spun—that, although they oppose our habitual way of acting, they dictate to our feelings, and perplex—though they do not pain, us.

Lady Harriet *knew* she was acting wrong; but *felt* her conduct justified. She looked abashed,

> " —— Like blooming Eve——
> " In Nature's young simplicity."

The pensive cast of her features encouraged him to prolong their walk. The effect was indescribable—a sudden overpowering sympathy was awakened within them: the opportunity *might* not offer again—*perhaps*, it *ought* not.

Beware—ye female critics!—how ye censure an emotion of the heart, before ye understand it.

To see the man, to whom your soul is devoted, overpowered by the refinement of his passion—to see his manly

form tremble with the blissful agonies of his feelings—to see him softened almost into feminine weakness——to *know* yourself the cause of the metamorphosis —and not to *feel* his passion twine about the fibres of your heart—must require stoicism indeed!

They were, now, within a few yards of their *lame* companion; and Henry closed the scene, by rivetting his eyes, in speechless ecstasy, on the scarcely less enraptured Lady Harriet.

Lady Lucy had a degree of poetic wildness in her disposition; that, sometimes, gave a romantic cast to her amusements. The *opportune* sprained ankle was quite an *incident*. When left, alone, she began to build upon it; and, taking

out her pocket book, fancy gave birth to the following vision—

"And there, immediately, came forth a youth, beautiful as early morn; when the moon—stealing from beneath a cloud—puts on the azure mantle of a clear blue sky. His dress gave grace to his noble appearance. He saluted me with the accent of gentleness——

"'Beauteous maiden, I fear me, you have strayed from your road, and lack repose'...... Then raising me, by the hand, he led me to a grotto sparkling with variegated fossils: in a recess, was placed a couch bestrewed with rose leaves: he bowed, and left me to my rest.

"After some hours of sleep, I was awakened by a voice, more melodious than the soft tuned lute it sweetly accompanied. Arising to the sound, I discovered mine host seated by a stranger, lovely as the elder daughter of the Houri's. Methought—as I contemplated her form—the beauty, before me, was a descendant of some powerful Genii, in love with the youth, and sequestered, here, to converse with him: for his look cast a radiance—like the sun —on every surrounding object. . . . her light footsteps seemed to tread on air. . and her breath gave perfume to the passing breeze."

"Sketching from nature, Lady Lucy?—" asked Henry, approaching. .

"Yes"—she answered—"will you scan my labors?"

Henry read aloud—*blushing*, as he proceeded—poor Lady Harriet was dyed with crimson—and Lady Lucy amsed herself by smiling at the embarrassment her whim had occasioned.

Walking homeward—Lady Lucy rattled away with Henry; while Lady Harriet, simply, communed with her own thoughts.

The declaration of her lover had opened new joys to her imagination. The *magic lanthorn* of her sister had painted the happiness she might *expect* with him, with so much force, and glowing beauty—that she *resigned* herself to

the delicious impression. Love, innocence, and mutual confidence—standing on the firm basis of virtue and religion—appeared to her—so SUBLIME!—that she resolved, more firmly than ever, to resist the fatal marriage which threatened to oppose her.

"I will prove to my father"—thought she—"that the enthusiasm of virtue—the exalted sensibility of the soul—are not chimerical: not a misfortune: but, that love, united with virtue, are the *real* promoters of worldly happiness."

"We have picked up Mr. Torrid—my dear Marchioness"—exclaimed the lovely sisters, together, as they entered the breakfast parlor.

The Marchioness received him with her accustomed kindness; but the Marquis's attention was *rather* cold.

Henry was a dangerous young man—he thought—to be so much the companion of two girls, just entering the world—not, that he suspected a partiality—because he did not suppose Henry would—or, indeed, *could*—conceal it, if that were the case: but he saw opposition to his intended plan of marrying Lady Harriet, which made him look, with distrust, on all about him.

This opposition had first manifested itself on the morning of the young ladies' return from the Green Park, when the Marquis, with so much ill-

humor and ill-breeding, almost frightened them from his presence—To retrace the subject.

"Don't you think—my *dear* Marchioness—that Sommers is a very handsome fellow; and, confessedly, the best bred man about town. His income is good—a clear eight thousand a year; besides expectancies—Upon my soul he would make an *excellent* husband for Harriet?"

"Heaven forbid!"—exclaimed her Ladyship with terror; and dropping the coffee-cup from her unnerved finger and thumb—"Heaven forbid!"

His Lordship had not yet recovered

from this thunderclap, when the young ladies bounded into the room.

The Marchioness—whatever her foibles—doated, with so much extravagant fondness, on these amiable girls, that she would rather have followed Lady Harriet to the grave, than to the altar with such a man. But, as the Marquis said no more, on the subject, she thought it prudent to be silent likewise.

" We shop at three—Henry—You will join us."

Henry bow'd his obedience to the Marchioness.

As it is possible, that these volumes—which are *intended* to travel all over the

United Kingdom—may fall into the hands of some strict—sober—church-going—family, in Wales; who know no more of Bond-street, than I do of the genealogical tree of the ap Griffiths—ap Howells—ap Lewis—ap Jones:—collaterally descended from the great Lewyllen, last Prince of Wales—I think it necessary to inform these gentry, that shopping, in Bond-street, is as much a science, as heraldry in the county of Glamorgan. Let them, therefore, read, and learn.

On a wet winter's day, ladies of fashion assemble in Bond-street about four o'clock; when, their amusement is, to zig-zag from shop to shop—taking both sides of the way—like Commodore Trunnion, beating up to windward, on

the voyage of matrimony—in all the glorious din of *elegant* confusion.

In costly *night* clothes, they descend from their carriages—look at every thing—buy nothing: How-dye-do with their *intimate* friends, while their *empty* chairs are politely *visiting* each other: talk over losses at cards: make assignations: whisper away characters: draw a crowd of loungers about the door: sport their ankles: show their *shapes*: and home again.

On a fine day, the carriages form a kind of net-work through the street; and the rivalry of the morning is, who shall get next the pavement. This grand desideratum is accomplished by a locking of wheels—a grating of pannels—a

demolition of hind standards—gentle greetings, from the pole end to the footman—a posteriori—and numberless other *little symptoms* of high breeding.

The envied train that monopolises the hardly-acquired pavement, move forward, in succession, all the morning. Close carriages are thrown open—landaus are let down—and, on either side the street, present—Beauty visible—

With polite non chalance, the fair *buyers* occupy their post, from door to door: order half the contents of every shop to be *brought into their carriage*—admire this—ridicule that—show their white teeth—display their beautiful arms—simper—look amiable—and quiz

the gaping—gazing—fools, who surround them.

But, when a Lady of ton wants to ruin a poor tradesman—by *buying* things she neither has the *inclination*, nor the *means*, to pay for—she chooses a less fashionable hour—walks *all the way* from her carriage to the shop—hopes Mr. Lutestring is well, and all the *dear* little ones. And when your *tip-toppers* want a set of jewels, *to pawn* for a debt of honor, or a small service of plate to raise the wind to a watering place, they are so civil—so condescending—so mellifluously sweet, in tone and expression—that the deluded goldsmith often *purchases* their courtesy at the expense of a "WHEREAS."

I have said, that Bond-street, on these occasions, presents a picture of "Beauty visible."

Yes!—the beauty of the person, that discloses all its charms, at once, and conceals *nothing*.

"Where"—says the man of reason—"are the beauties of the mind, which discover themselves by little and little; and, in such degrees, and at such times, as give them new incitement?"

There is only one way of being beautiful—a thousand ways of being amiable. The *one*, is limited to a set of features; the *other*, to natural or acquired graces, ever new—ever variable—ever impressive. The *one*, catches the eye: the

other seizes on the heart: the *one* fades —like the rose-bud—with the day: the *other* blooms—like the myrtle—and renovates with the year.

To remedy the inconvenience of long unsettled accounts, and to balance profit and loss, the *conscientious* tradesman—whose *Right Honorable* customers have stamped his shop with fashion—barters the *glowing tinsel* for *plebeian gold.*

With whom?....

With the nabobess, just emigrated from her father's dung-cart into a ginger-bread coach, in all the emulative pomp of Portland Place: The oyster-woman whimsically metamorphosed into the *gentle*-woman: The city wife, who emp-

fies the purse in Cavendish, or in any other fashionable, square—as fast as the *mongrel* tradesman, her carosposo, fills it in Cateaton-street: The wife, in teens, of a husband in dotage: The chere amie of a rich Israelite: The mistress of a successful gambler: The protegée of a b—hop: The daughters of a commissary: The Dolly in ordinary, and the Dolly extraordinary: The Mrs. Brod-m's of the day—and, though last—not least—the Knight's Lady who spends more in rout-cakes one season, than her Deary earns by biscuit-baking in one year—These find the *speedy* way of scattering money—and *soon*.

Let not, however, the more steady wise men of the East chuckle, in fancied security, at the follies of the West: for

they have their ambitions—their tastes—their appetites—their depravities.

Ambition for city honors: *Taste* for the highly-savoured calipash and calipee: *Appetite* for a little brood of chickens cooped up in a pretty gilded cage on the Edgeware Road: and while the Common Council man, in all the pomp of office, gluts on the foreign cookery of a corporation feast—his rib—with counsel, not *uncommon*—contrives an innocent tête-a-tête *entertainment*, at her cousin Tom's, in Soho-square; where they partake of the simple fare, originally, contrived in Paradise.

Cold-blooded moralists there are—any may—who loudly declaim against the *beastiality* of feasting,—the char-

AHARAJA SERFOGI'S SAR

tered privilege of our good City of London! These gentlemen must be either ignorant or fastidious. *Feasting*, has its origin in time immemorial. We are assured by Homer, the mighty Ajax, after the rib-roasting he bestowed on the scarce less mighty Hector, renovated his juices, and repaired his exhausted spirits, by *feasting* on a chine of pork. Pope makes Agamemnon

"*Before* GREAT AJAX *place the* MIGHTY *chine.*"

It was, also, at a *feast* given by the Romans to the Sabines, that the population of that country took its origin: and the luxuries of the Medes and Persians, who *feasted*, constantly, in their camps, is a proverbial fact.

Students *feast*, on their commons, to

their degrees: Templars *feast*, on their commons, to the bar: Barristers *feast*, on their commons, to the bench!!!

Can there be any reason, then, why the freeman of the city should not be permitted to *feast* his way, from a three legged stool, in his three corner cupboard—*richly* decorated with "Hardiman's best"—"Fine Oronooko"—"and newly imported Virginia"—into the state bed at the Mansion House?

When the Germans—says Tacitus—wanted to reconcile enemies—to make alliances—to make chiefs—or, to treat on war or peace—it was during the *repast* that they took council—a time, when the mind is most open to the impressions of simple truths, or most ea-

sily animated to great attempts. These artless people, during the conviviality of the *feast*, spoke without disguise: On the following day, they weighed the councils of the former evening, and formed their resolutions when least exposed to deception.

According to St. Paul, the primitive Christians had *holy feasts*, which were held in the church; and each contributed, according to his, or her, ability. This custom subsisted long after his time; for Justin Martyr, Tertullian, and St. Cyprian, speak of it, as a constant and ordinary practice.

Feasts of *reception* were in use among the Romans; and the Greeks had *fune-*

ral feasts, in memory of those, whose loss they deplored.

People of rank, among the Rhodians, were compelled, by statute, to dine with the minister, and other officers of state; when, all questions of state policy were deliberated upon, and decided, accordingly.

Plato, in his laws, not only permitted; but even commanded—on certain occasions—an excess of wine. That men, while in that state, might be known for what they really were, and might be made to discover their real sentiments.

Eschylus, intoxicated himself to compose his tragedies. The sophist Aurelius did the same, preparatory to pro-

nouncing his public declamations; and the Abbé Vertot, to give fire to the sieges and battles in his history of Malta—imitated their example.

The Persians employed no other torture, for the discovery of crimes, than wine.

When Rome was in its zenith, there were superb halls for public *feastings*. Lucullus had several, each bearing the name of some heathen deity. It is recorded, that the expenses of a supper, given by Lucullus in the Hall of Apollo, amounted to fifty thousand drachmas.

The banquetting saloon of Nero, was contrived with a circular motion in the walls and cieling; which were painted

to imitate the revolutions of the heavens, at the different seasons of the year—changing at every course—and showering down flowers and perfumes on the guests.

Among the French—*public feasts* were considered as *chosen occasions* to relate the adventures of ancient knights and heroes, who had done honor to the national annals of chivalry; detailing their prowess—their vigor—their address—their tournaments.

Plutarch informs us, that Cæsar, after his triumphs, treated the Roman people at twenty-two thousand tables, comprising two hundred thousand guests. At the end of the repast, each Roman emp-

tied a large goblet, as often as there were letters in his mistress's name.

So much for ancient feasting—now for modern.

Look to the governors tables of public charities—to the entertainments for overseers of the poor—and other *uses* of national philanthropy, and you will find, that the *heroes* of the day are accustomed to deliberate, on present events, and future contingencies, in the true spirit of ancient custom.

I am insensibly led, by the subject before me, to devote a page, or two, to the singularity and splendor, still existing in distant countries, at their public festivals.

To a Chinese *feast*, the guests are not invited to eat; but to make grimaces. Every mouthful is purchased with awkward contortions. An officer, appointed for the occasion, beats time—like the leader of a band of music—and, on the signal, every one raises his food to his mouth. Each person sits at a separate table, without either cloth, knife, fork, or spoon; ever dish is served ready carved, and two small silver pincers—which the Chinese use with great address—serve them for knives, forks, and spoons. This fatiguing ceremony continues four or five hours: when a troop of comedians appear, whose farce is as tedious as that which preceded them, and as long.

When the Sophi of Persia entertains

the nobility of his court, nothing can exceed the magnificence he displays. The company seldom consists of less than three hundred persons, who are served in cups of wrought gold, and utensils of enamelled porcelaine, still more costly. Even the lamps and candlesticks are of gold; and the whole splendid apparatus is placed on carpetings of silk, embroidered with flowers of gold, studded with precious stones.

At an entertainment among the Muscovites, the wife of the host does not appear till the repast is served; when she enters the hall, dressed in her richest apparel, and attended by a train of female attendants:—It is her office to present a glass of brandy to the chief of the guests, having first wet the same with

her lips. While the person, so distinguished, drinks, the Lady retires: and, returning in another dress, observes the same ceremony to the second in rank, and so on, progressively. Having concluded this fatiguing ceremonial, she retires to a corner; and placing herself against the wall, with downcast eyes, receives a kiss from each of the company.

The first course, consisting of cold meats dressed with oil of olives, onions, and garlic, remains on table an hour. The second, composed of soups, roasted meats, and ragouts, is, alike, stationary: then follows the desert. Healths are drank, during the whole time, in large cups resembling a bell: they affect much profusion; and, when

the whole ends, they retire to sleep for a few hours.

At a Polonese entertainment, every guest is required to take, with him, his knife, fork, and spoon; it not being the custom to lay out the table, which is merely covered with a large piece of starched cloth. The doors are closed during the repast, and remain so, till the company rises from table.

When dinner is served, each person divides his bread into two parts; one of which, he gives to his servant with a plate of meat: When the master calls for a glass of wine, his servant brings two; and they drink together. This custom is sanctioned by the first among the Polonese nobility.

But the magnificence of India's Princes almost exceeds the visions of fancy.

At the nuptials of Vazeer Allee, eldest son of the Nawaub Asouf ul Dowlah—present Nawaub of Oude—the following was among the fairy splendors publicly exhibited.

The bridegroom was about thirteen, dark complexioned, and, by no means, handsome: the bride, not more than ten, and still more ordinary. The company assembled toward evening, all mounted on elephants richly caparisoned, and were received by the Nawaub, in person, who is remarkable for his good humor, and the urbanity of his manners.

His person was loaded with jewels, to the amount, at least, of two millions sterling; and his court was held in a succession of tents. The two principal, of which, were of extremely curious workmanship; being one hundred and twenty feet in length, and supported by poles, sixty feet in height. In front of these tents, was a large awning, of fine English broad cloth, supported on sixty poles covered with silver. The awning was about one hundred feet square. These tents were estimated at five lacks of rupees, or fifty thousand pounds sterling.

The shumeeana, or awning above described, was lighted up by upwards of two hundred superb European lustres, with wax lights—each, of which, was

protected from the air by cut glass shades. Innumerable wax flambeaux added to the glare, which was dazzling —to offence—in the eyes. An hundred beautiful dancing girls, richly habited, displayed their elegant forms to the lascivious movements of the dance; while others sang soft, amorous, airs of the country.

About seven, at night, the young Nawaub appeared, but so absurdly loaded with jewels, he staggered beneath the precious burthen.

The order of march then began, on elephants, to a garden about a mile distant. The grandeur of this procession exceeds all belief: It consisted of more than twelve hundred elephants, richly

caparisoned, and drawn up in regular line.

In the centre, rode the Nawaub, on an elephant of very uncommon size: a rich howda—or castle—covered with gold, and studded with gems, surmounted a gold cloth brocade, which mantled the noble animal.

On both sides of the road were raised artificial scenery of bamboo work—very high—representing bastions, arches, minarets, and towers; all covered with variegated lamps.

The line of procession was preceded by dancing girls, on moving platforms, covered with gold and silver brocades. The ground, all the way, was inlaid

with fireworks; so that, with every step of the elephants, bursts of artificial stars mounted, as it were, to heaven; and winding, fiery, serpents, illuminated night in a fantastic variety of directions; producing, on the astonished mind, an indescribable emotion of wonder and delight.

Arriving at the garden; the company descended, and entered on the fairy scene. Here, the trees were heavy with transparent burthens, of different colors, suspended from their branches. In the centre was a large pavillion, to which we were conducted, whose saloon was superbly illuminated, after the European fashion, and laid out with a costly supper. Dancing girls, and min-

strels, amused the company during the repast, which lasted till dawn.

With equal splendor, but varied devices, this marriage feast continued three days—"each day's expenses, computed, at one hundred thousand pounds.

In opposition to all these instances, why *feasting* has been tolerated—is tolerated—and ought to be tolerated; that sturdy cynic, Doctor Johnson—who had a hard name for every thing,—was pleased to call *feasting*—*gluttony*.

"Gluttony"—says the rigid commentator—"is a vice more violent, and more despicable, than avarice. It is, I think, less common among women, than men. Women eat more sparingly; and, are

less curious in their choice of meats: but if, once, you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation.

"A friend of mine, who courted a Lady whom he did not know much, was advised to see her eat; and, if she were voluptuous at table, to forsake her. He, however, married her; and, in a few weeks, came to his adviser, with this exclamation:

"'It is the distraction of my life, to see this woman eat.'"

"She was, as might be expected, selfish and brutal; and, after some years

of discord, they parted; and, I believe, came together no more.

"Of men, examples are sufficiently common. I had a friend, of great eminence in the witty world, who had hung up some pots, on his wall, to furnish nests for sparrows. The poor sparrows, not knowing his character, were seduced by the convenience: and I never heard any man speak, of any future enjoyment, with such *contortions of delight*, as he exhibited, when he talked '*of eating the young ones*.'"

I agree—with the learned Doctor—that the habit of *feasting* may so pall the tones of the satiated appetite, that even delicacies lose their flavor. The palate, thus refined—or, more properly—thus

depraved— seeks extraordinary means to gratify a pampered sense, which, though, naturally, imperious in its demands—is, naturally, simple in its tribute.

To the wandering Charlotte, no one appeared to give a thought. Mr. Melmoth hushed his official pride in contemplations of future greatness; and Mrs. Melmoth, in the glory that surrounded her, from the bright reflexion of the Marchioness' virtues, was insensible to the compunctions of conscience.

Upheld by a transient pride—the INFIDEL MOTHER—resisted the conviction, that she, ONLY, was the spring of all those wayward errors, which, now, pressed her daughter forward to the

brink of an eternity, on which a hopeless soul dares not to cast its trembling glance.

But conscience is not, always, to be hushed: and the daring opinions with which Mrs. Melmoth rallied against its attack, served, only for a time, to ward off the imperious monitor. A midnight vision palled upon her soul; and the impressive lesson—for the first time—began to awaken her intellects to a confused sense of her mistaken principles.

Mrs. Melmoth dreamed, that she was in her dressing-room, surrounded by the pompous paraphernalia a of birth-day's splendor, and crowded by milliners, mantua-makers, and attendants; when, presently, the whole gorgeous apparatus

disappeared, and she found herself in a Chinese summer-house, bordering a lake. The surprise of this change, had not subsided, when she beheld, seated at her side, the figure of Hamlyn dressed in regimentals—in a moment, her daughter Charlotte, in a disordered dress, with streaming ringlets, and a woe-worn countenance, appeared, a suppliant at the feet of her injured husband.

"I know my fault, Sir,"—she exclaimed in humbled accents—"I come not to appeal to your justice; but to solicit your humanity...... Let me *beg* forgiveness."

Hamlyn sat absorbed in silent attention; his elbow rested on his knee—and his forehead reposed on the palm of his

hand. A lengthened sigh stole from his heart—a tear moistened either eye—he spoke with difficulty.

"That I *have* loved you, Charlotte, with the warmest—most enthusiastic—passion—you, *too* well, know: That I *do*, at this moment, love you—my feelings powerfully express. Nay!—if 'twill gratify your *vanity*; I am ready to confess, that I *never shall love another*. But, Charlotte, while the weakness of my heart is, thus, explicit: while I unfold, to you, its genuine emotions—Truth, and my own honor, forbid me to yield a degenerate submission to that well-masked falsehood which has so basely deceived me.

"In vain—Charlotte—do you tempt

my better judgment, with the alluring *beauties* of your *outward form*: those brimful eyes *may* draw tears from mine; but they cannot blind me to the *deformities* of your *inward self*. Still may your image pursue me—still cause my heart to throb—but my mind resists your efforts—to *my* bosom you will be received no more."

The lovely suppliant only answered with her tears—she clung to the knees she embraced—she groaned her agonies aloud.

"This is too much"—exclaimed Hamlyn, as the stream poured down his cheek—"unhappy Charlotte! how truly do I sympathize with your distress!—how feelingly do I regret your errors!

yet, I look on your person as I would on the beauties of a sepulchral monument: its *exterior* decorations *must* please the eye; but all nature revolts at a *nearer* communication. It will be easy, for me, to find a mistress as *frail* as you—may you find a friend as *fond* and *faithful* as I have been."

A revolution, as quick as the former, conducted Mrs. Melmoth to the grate of a nunnery: Charlotte had passed her noviziato; and the ceremony of the veil was closed.

She thought, that Mr. Melmoth and herself were preparing to retire from the sacrifice, and that the dismal gate was about to be shut for ever, when Char-

lotte turned to them, and begged a moment's private audience.

They were admitted to the parlatory; when the wretched victim, at first, mildly reproached them with the fallacy of principles they had imprinted on her infant mind, and substantiated by education—Then, with demoniac fury, raising her voice—she denounced vengeance, and curses, on their heads. The father stood interdicted!—the mother trembled!—almost to swooning.

The rage of Charlotte being thus vented; she, desperately, withdrew her garter; and tying one end to the iron bars of the grate, that separated the apartments, and the other around her neck—dangled, in air.

Unable to shriek for help—Mrs. Melmoth sought relief in covering her eyes—but, again, venturing to look upon the scene of horror—she discerned Charlotte in the centre of a midnight procession of monks, each bearing a lighted torch, and approaching an immense fire that gave, to night, an awful brilliancy.

It was an *auto da fé*. . . . Charlotte, clad in the funeral robes of the Inquisision, bore on her head the cap of death, painted with terrific figures. The procession circled the hellish flame—Charlotte was devoted to the fiery torture—she uttered piercing screams of suffering and despair—and with the noise, the dreamer awoke.

Appalled with waking terrors—shud-

dering before the dream of torturing fancy—her excruciated intellects glowed with burning agonies: her frame was death-cold with a clammy perspiration, and the conscience-stricken infidel hardly dared to breathe.

She was alone—yet feared to summon a domestic. Gradually, returning recollection served to assuage the terrific poignancy of her distress; and, with a smile—half lent her by a demon—and half stolen from an angel—she faintly exclaimed, with the soul-harrowed Richard,

"'Twas . . . . but a dream!"

But—the relief was momentary. Maddening recollection retraced the horrors of *that* dream. . . . .

And, left in silence---to herself---alone---
Aghast, she heard, the conscience-troubled groan!
At every sound her bosom heav'd a sigh,
And terrors thicken'd on her streaming eye!
She marks the mien of woe---the cheek so pale---
And trembles at the shrieks that pierc'd the gale:
E'en, with the dawn, her fears her soul invade---
She, wildly, starts, amid the spectred shade:
And dreading every---hopeless---hour, to be her last,
She HEARS the call of DEATH in every blast:

By unforeseen events, the hand of Providence manifests its power and omnipotence. Those, who, unhappily, have imbibed errors and prejudices, at the awful close of this journey look back, with agony, on a life of incertitude: they meet the grim tyrant with repulsive powers, that indicate a regret for past existence: and, if at this awful moment it should cross their minds, that the philosophy they practised,

might have been deceitful; it is more than probable, that this too-late repentance will prove a curse, rather than a consolation to them: Their preparatory career terminates with an anxiety proportioned to the little of good life afforded them, and a trembling expectation, devoid of hope—makes them shrink from the presence of the GOD, whom they deserted—while the good and upright traveller—after having enjoyed his existence, as much as mortality can enjoy it—meets approaching death with dignified composure. No regret for the past—but a certain hope, of an infinitely preferable futurity, illumines his departing soul on its awful journey.

Mrs. Melmoth carefully concealed this vision from the world—even from

the Marchioness. She essayed to shake off the impression. . . . . but it was indelible!

In the mean time, my Lord Sommers continued his intrusive civilities to Lady Harriet, and was repaid by the most repulsive politeness: while her Ladyship and Henry trembled, all over, when they met; and feared to trust each other with a glance from their tell-tale eyes.

To disclose his passion to the Marquis, Henry foresaw would be to rob himself of Lady Harriet's future society; and although no positive declaration had been made by Lord Sommers, the whole town rang with their expected nuptials; which was even announced to take place before the Birth-day.

The Marquis was silent—but the reception he always gave the young Lord—for whom a cover was daily laid at dinner—needed no confirmation of his views.

To Henry, the Marquis' conduct was more than cold: but the Marchioness withdrew him as much as possible from indulging the observation—assured him her Lord was splenetic and gloomy—and, then, with one of her all-seducing smiles, she tacked him to her sleeve, and winged him round the circle of fashionable attraction.

An length, her Ladyship—who had hitherto attributed Henry's grave manners to his displeasure at the still graver

civilities of her Lord—began to suspect a *more secret* cause.

Like a burst of lightning on a clear summer's sky—the beautiful countenance of the Marchioness, suddenly, irradiated. Jealousy pointed observation; —doubt was succeeded by apprehension—a confirmation nearly followed.

It was a most mortifying discovery, for a woman, who had been laying a regular siege to the heart of an adored object, to find—just as she looked forward to surprise the citadel—that an unexpected ally had powerfully fortified the weaknesses of the garrison; and, that she must storm the reinforced trenches, or sound a disgraceful retreat.

"I will be confirmed"—said the Marchioness hastily—and arranged a party to,

BLENHEIM.

Cold must be the heart, that glows not with a patriot's fire, at the name of Blenheim! the proud monument of a hero's glory, and a nation's gratitude!

To describe its multiplied beauties would be to fill a volume. A short sketch, however, cannot be unacceptable.

The palace of Blenheim—is one of the most magnificent piles of architecture in this kingdom, and perhaps in the whole world. It stands in the finest part of one of the finest counties

in England; distant sixty-four miles from London, and about eight from the University of Oxford.

The architect, of this splendid pile, was Sir John Vanburgh, who directed the whole, by order of Parliament, and at the public expense, in the reign of Queen Anne.

When completed, at the expense of half a million, it was conferred, together with the annexed domain, on the Most Illustrious JOHN DUKE of MARLBOROUGH, as a testimony of royal favor, and national gratitude, for his transcendant services, and the many signal victories he obtained over our enemies—particularly, near the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube,

from which this noble palace receives its name. This victory being achieved on the second day of August 1704, it was enacted, 'That on the same day of 'every year, for ever, the inheritors of 'his Grace's honors, and titles, should 'render, at Windsor, to her Majesty, 'her heirs, and successors, one stand- 'ard or colors, with the *fleurs de lis* 'painted thereon, as an acquittance for 'all manner of rents, suits, and services, 'due to the crown.'

In the construction of this building, Sir John Vanburgh seems to have designed it as characteristic and expressive of its destination. Its massy grandeur —its spacious portals—and its lofty towers—recal ideas of defence and security, which associate with the hero whose

prowess it was intended to commemorate to the most remote periods of time; and, while the more modern and showy fabrics grace the taste of an age, Blenheim stands unimpaired by time—the admiration of foreigners, and the veneration of our countrymen.

Entering the park—one of the most enchanting prospects, in Nature, displays itself to your view. The palace appears in front; and the scenery is enriched, by a finely flowing river, that intersects a broad deep valley, and a swelling lawn, crowned with majestic trees, which contrast with the light clumps, and shady groves, that skirt the bounding dale, or clothe the remoter slopes; the which, fringed by deep woods, that rise to the very summit of

the opposite hill, and composed a variously tinted, indented, surface of luxuriant foliage: forming, in the ensemble, an assemblage of attractions unrivalled; all, conspiring to charm the eye of taste and refinement.

In this singularly picturesque landscape, the beautiful and sublime are most intimately combined: all that can please, elevate, or astonish, seizes upon the mind; which looks, in vain, for the source of its enjoyment—no predominant feature is discernible.

The approach, from the grand entrance, is over a magnificent bridge, whose centre arch is one hundred and one feet in diameter. The effect of this bridge, which unites two hills, and

gives uniformity, as well as consistency, to the scene—otherwise complex—is peculiarly grand; and expressive of superior judgment. The north front, now, opens to the view, presenting a noble pile of architecture, three hundred and forty-eight feet from wing to wing—highly ornamented—particularly at the centre.

The south front—tho' less extensive, is not less elegant. It commands a *calm* scene, on which the eye pauses with complacency; and to which it reverts with delight. On the portico—of the Corinthian order—stands a colossal statue of Louis XIV. taken from the gates of Tournay.

The apartments are furnished with

princely magnificence: the tapestry and paintings attract universal and deserved attention; but it would be impossible to enumerate their individual beauties. Suffice it, therefore, to state, that the united labors of the most celebrated painters, sculptors, and statuaries, of antiquity, ornament this palace: The bronzes are invaluable.

Passing thro' the suite of less magnificently adorned apartments, we will enter the state drawing-room:

This apartment is decorrted with modern splendor. The ceiling, cornice, and bordure, are highly ornamented; and the mirrors—whose magnitude surpasses fancy—are unrivalled in the superlative style of their framing. The curtains

and furniture are white damask: the chimney of the purest statuary marble: the slabs are of the same materials, and of proportionate grandeur. A highly finished cabinet, at the lower end, supports a rich lustre. The principal ornament of this superb apartment, is a picture of His Grace of Marlborough, in his Garter robes, by Romney: it occupies the pannel of the chimney.

The state bed room is hung with rich blue damask interlaced with gold. The bedposts are superbly fluted with burnished gold—their extremities adorned with military trophies. The top rises into a dome, surmounted by a ducal coronet. At the head, the family arms are finely emblazoned.

The pleasure grounds occupy an area of upwards of two hundred acres, partly enclosed by a sunk fence; and, partly, bounded by the lake, which falls from a lofty precipice, and terminates the view.

The lofty umbrageous trees that cover the sides, and clothe the brow of these gardens, form a noble back ground; and give a finish to the scene. Art and Nature appear, here, to have exhausted their stores. A just gradation of tints, and an easy blending of color, perfect the whole.

The flower gardens may be called a wilderness of sweets. Here, a sudden burst of beauty fascinates the eye—the music of the spray delights the ear—the surrounding fragrance recreates the

senses—images of tranquil joy occupy the mind—and soothe even the wretched into a temporary resignation.

There are different outlets. One, in particular, embosoms in trees for a few paces—then, suddenly opens—then shuts, with aggravated gloom, impervious to the mid-day sun. The sweetly-scented lime—the dark chesnut—the airy beech—with groupes of evergreens—compose the scene. All is still—all is solemn—and the contrast, from the flower garden, heightens its beauties.

The sentimental rambler will pause, with enthusiastic rapture, when he approaches the Shepherd's Cot—a little thatched edifice, detached on the lawn, and composed of trunks of trees fanci-

fully arranged, backed by a clump, and shaded by horse chesnuts in front.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the beauties of this enchanted spot. The distant Bladen, gilded with an evening sun, displays its antique tower, and interspersed low buildings, glowing with the crimson of his beams---Or, the windows, partially shaded by intervening trees, reflect them like living fire.

Claude would have caught these tints with rapture; he would have combined the objects into a picture; and, on its effect, he might have rested the immortality of his fame!

A little beyond this cot, is the first opening of the cascade, which, for a con-

siderable space, forms a principal attraction. The water seems to flow out of the deep wood that bounds the head; its course is totally hid by the combined effect of the bend—the figure of the banks—and the plantation. Every step, toward the cascade, opens on new embellishments—and the scene becomes more illustrious. Groups of acacia, cedar, poplar, chesnut, and beech, decorate the declivity towards the lake—and the back ground presents a profusion of hawthorns, surmounted by noble pendent trees, which terminate in the horizon.

Any attempt at more accurate descriptions of the vast scene before us, in so small a compass, is wholly impracticable—littleness is absorbed in gran-

deur—prettiness in magnificence—the impression can only be conveyed by the eye. At one point the lake flowing majestically—at another, the turrets of the palace, emerging from the bosom of the sylvan beauties of the park, occasionally, burst upon the view with grandeur and attraction irresistible.

When the rising sun throws its horizontal rays on the gilded orbs of Blenheim, the tops of the trees catch its radiance; and the withdrawing shade lightly floats on the surface of the lake.

Nature does not furnish a picture of superior brilliancy.

Thus far, the taste—the admiration—

the wonder—of the visitor is engaged; but when the mind of sensibility, retracing the events of former times, recurs to the remembrance of the young—the beautiful—but illfated—Rosamond—a sweetly-soothing woe mingles with delight!

This celebrated beauty, at the early age of fifteen, captivated a warrior King; who, having seduced her from her friends, contrived a bower, within a labyrinth, for her reception. This precaution, however, to elude the jealousy of the Queen, was—as is well known—ineffectual. The lovely frail one fell a victim to the resentment of the injured and implacable Eleanor.

Of the bower and labyrinth, scarcely

any traces are known; but the spring, that must have supplied her bath, still exists, and retains her name.

It is situated in a small dell, in the side of the hill, a little to the westward of the grand bridge of *entrance*; it gushes from an artificial aperture, in the stones which line the cavity on the north, to a considerable elevation, with a fall of nearly two feet, and a copiousness and equality, in every season, that few springs exceed.

Scarcely has it smoothed its ruffled wave, ere it is received into a capacious bath, almost five feet deep, and twenty square; lined at the sides and *bottom*, with free-stone, and fenced with iron palisades. The water of this bath is so

pellucid, and tranquil, that it reflects objects like a mirror.

The hawthorn, mixed with woodbines and other shrubs, overhang the spring, and form a deep irregular shade; the wandering ivy, and its kindred plants, clasp the stones that line the precipice, and fill up the fissures with their roots. A grove rises behind, which rapidly thickens into a gloom, and renders the spot sequestered. The birds carol around—the nightingale pours forth her plaintive note—and the dashing of the water, uniting with the reverberations of the neighbouring echo cherish a soothing melody, on which the mind pauses—with solemn admiration.

The remains of the lovely Clifford were deposited in the choir of Godstow nunnery, near Oxford, where a magnificent tomb was erected to her memory, by the disconsolate Henry, surrounded with tapers, continually burning. In a fit of zeal, however, the Bishop of Lincoln, in Richard's reign, caused her remains to be removed to the Chapter House. A flat stone, now, surmounts her grave, simply inscribed,

TOMBA ROSAMUNDI.

During this excursion, the Marchioness took the arm of Lord Sommers, and gave to Henry every opportunity, which the nature of such a ramble comprehends, to betray his secret—it was betrayed—amply betrayed—but the

Marchioness, tho' secretly consuming with internal rage, smiled her victims into confidence—while she embraced intermediate occasions, to assure Lord Sommers, of *her interest* in his suit—that the heart of Lady Harriet was disengaged—and that he had nothing more than a few maiden's fears to conquer, which *she* promised to remove.

Henry—arm in arm—with the lovely sisters; sighing with the one, and smiling with the other, passed a day of enviable happiness—

How blest is the lot of mortals in being denied to read the pages of futurity!

The next day, at two—as was his al-

most daily custom—Henry drove, in his barouche, to Park Lane.

" The girls are on a visiting lounge this morning"—said the Marchione—will you drive me to my milliner's, Henry, and return for me in an hour?—I have no other call to make, and it will save ordering out another carriage."

At about half past three, Henry drove to Pall-Mall for his cousin.

" The Marchioness finds herself suddenly indisposed"—said the smirking Mrs. Dresden—" Will you have the goodness to walk into the back drawing-room?"

Our hero entered an apartment, most

voluptuously arranged, with low ottomans, on a rich scarlet carpet: the walls were green, with burnished borderings; and pannelled with finely executed engravings, on glowing subjects, calculated to awaken all the softer emotions. By a concealed outlet, it communicated with the Square.

When Henry entered this room, the light of day was, partially, obscured by dark-green silk curtains; which gave an air of secresy to retirement. A superb Etruscan vase burnt, with dried rose-leaves, on a statuary marble chimney-piece.

"Henry!"—said the Marchioness, preserving her reclining position on the ottoman—"I am ill! . . very ill!"

He was alarmed extremely—her languor, which *he* mistook for paleness—half-closed, swimming, eyes, which *he* mistook for symptoms of fainting—conjured up a thousand frightful images to his mind.

"My—dear—dear—Marchioness" . . . . . . taking her beautiful hand: "For Heaven's sake, hasten home; you must have advice."

A deep sigh—*to* Henry—seemed to proclaim new apprehensions for his lovely cousin.

"Henry!" . . . . . . tenderly grasping his hand—"Henry!". . . . . .

"Good God!—how ill you are—let

me call Mrs. Dresden to your assistance?—You quite *terrify* me."

Her Ladyship turned toward her compassionate nurse—gazed, languishingly, in his eyes—closed her own—and sunk, backwards, with the lengthened sigh of a passing zephyr—murmuring, in softened accents,

"Do, I, Henry?"........

Our hero was agitated in the extreme Her Ladyship arose on her elbow—"How weak I am!...... HERE!"

With a sudden motion, she pressed the hand she held, *rapturously*, against her heart; and, once more, sank upon her pillow.

Henry could, no longer, doubt—he shuddered!—he scarcely believed himself awake. . . . . . At length, without speaking, he rang the bell violently.

"Monster!—fool!—ingrate . . . . . ." exclaimed the now furious Marchioness—"Leave me!—I command you, leave me! . . . . . . And when you reach your home, close fast your doors upon you. . . . . and ponder on. . . .

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